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THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

EMIN PASHA.

AN'S POWER.

The Life and Work

OF

MIN PASHA

IN

EQUATORIAL AFRICA

BY

THE REV. HENRY W LITTLE

R OF "MADAGASCAR: ITS HISTORY AND PEOPLE," "HOW TO SAVE EGYPT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE great Anglo-Saxon and English speaking nations of the Old and New Worlds as yet have no succinct and convenient record of the life and work of Emin Pasha in Equatorial Africa.

These pages, it is hoped, will in some measure supply the need.

The narrative is based upon the Pasha's own letters, and official and original documents, for the use of which the writer is indebted to Sir Francis De Winton, K.C.M.G., C. H. Allen, Esq., F.R.G.S., and others.

The helpful lessons of such a career, so strong in purpose, so direct in aim, and so prolific in

results to the future well-being of the native races of the Dark Continent, are too valuable to be overlooked or forgotten. The life of Emin Pasha is worthy of careful and attentive study, as an example of "one man's power," and as a striking illustration of the marvellous force of individuality, when directed to a single purpose, and inspired by a lofty sense of duty.

H. W. L.

LONDON, 1889.

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EMIN PASHA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A PRESENT-DAY philosopher of repute says of heroism, that it is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action. If this is so, and if valour is the part of men, then Eduard Schnitzer—EMIN PASHA—deserves to rank with the truest heroes of the present or any century. His name, in fact, already belongs to the history of these times.

The unique spectacle of a solitary European holding his own, for years, against hordes of fanatical and implacable foes, and boldly carrying on a desperate struggle, single-handed, for liberty and humanity in the very stronghold of African barbarism, has aroused the sympathy

and called forth the admiration of the whole civilised world. Soldier and scientist, diplomatist and pasha, engineer and surgeon, the chief executive officer of a vast and populous Egyptian state, and the valued correspondent of the principal learned societies of Europe, the biographer of this illustrious servant of science and humanity on the Dark Continent will be at a loss under what category to put him.

Those who have lived with Emin, and shared his labours on the banks of the White Nile, declare that he seems to be born to that only which he goes about, so dexterous is he in all his undertakings in camp, in hospital, in the desert zareba, in council, with sword, with pen.

The secret of Emin's heroic self-denial and masterly devotion to duty is his unswerving loyalty to, and reverence for, *a memory*—the memory of the Hero of Khartoum, erewhile his friend and fellow-worker in the splendid enterprise of freeing Central Africa from the blighting curse of the slave-hunters.

As the last surviving lieutenant of the great Englishman in the Egyptian Soudan, Emin believes that it now rests with himself alone to preserve the name of GORDON, and the glorious traditions which surround it, fresh and fragrant and potent in the heart of Equatorial Africa,

and to carry out, as best he may, the policy which that name and those traditions represent.

"Upon me," he wrote in 1887, "as his—Gordon's—last surviving officer, devolves the great honour of carrying on his work and developing his intentions, and be sure that, by God's will, I shall succeed."

Untrained in the science of arms, a member of a peaceful and learned profession, gentle and refined by nature, with a lofty idea of duty, and an unselfish charity and patience, which have deeply impressed all who have fallen beneath the spell of his personal influence, the Pasha has laboured "with both hands" to promote the best interests of the dusky millions of Inner Africa. So far he has kept secure the key to the greatest slave-hunting region on the entire continent.

Like Gordon, Emin believes that it is his life-duty to employ himself in the emancipation of the black races of the equatorial regions, and with a fine courage and cheerful heart, and unquenchable hope, he has gallantly held his province, since the fall of his leader—his *ideal man*—amidst the ruins of Khartoum, steadily refusing to leave his post, thinking only of the multitudes of helpless natives who look to him as their only hope, and, as he says of himself,

"throwing care to the winds, and looking for better times."

Notwithstanding the wail which we hear at times for the chivalry that is no more, it may fairly be asked whether the career of this simple German surgeon is surpassed by anything recorded in the annals of the nations.

With his example before us, we need not yet despair of our race. On the contrary, it should inspire us with the conviction that the best and purest glow of chivalry is not dead, but that it vigorously lives among us yet, and that there are still left to us strenuous souls, who cherish

> "The king-becoming graces:
> Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY DAYS.

EDUARD SCHNITZER, known to fame as Emin Pasha, was born at the quaint little Silesian town of Oppeln, in Eastern Prussia, on March 28, 1840. His father, Ludwig, was a wool-stapler, in a fair way of business. Both Ludwig Schnitzer and Pauline his wife were Protestants and Lutherans. In 1842, the family removed to Neisse, where the relatives of the heroic Pasha still reside. At an early age young Eduard, a delicate and sensitive lad, was sent to the gymnasium, or public school of the town, where he remained for some years. In 1858, he left Neisse to enter upon a course of medical study at the University of Breslau. Like most German students, Schnitzer did not remain stationary at one university, but attended lectures at Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. To go to the tavern to drink lager beer, to sing songs, and to fight duels, is a part of the curri-

culum of a German student; but it must not be supposed that Schnitzer did naught at this period of his life but carouse and swell those rough choruses of festive song with which every visitor to the university towns of the Continent is familiar. An ardent naturalist, and a lover of science, the young Silesian was already laying the foundation for that accurate knowledge of languages and the phenomena of physical life, which has since earned for him the respect of the chief *savants* of the day. After a course of technical instruction in surgery and physiology in the hospitals of the German capital, he graduated, taking out his diploma as doctor of medicine in 1863-4. Schnitzer had always evinced a decided taste for travel and a love for the study of natural history, and as soon as he was free to follow his own inclinations, he decided to follow "the spirit of movement" which was upon him, and set out to seek some sphere of congenial work in a foreign land. He determined to see the world before settling down, and turning southward, he made his way to Constantinople, where his skill and intelligence and modesty of demeanour attracted the notice of the Turkish officials, and soon gained him many friends in the capital of the Sultan. But Constantinople did not hold Schnitzer long. He

wandered into Syria, and upon the recommendation of his friends at the Sublime Porte, was eventually appointed to the post of surgeon of the staff by Ismail Hakki Pasha, the Governor of Scutari and the adjacent provinces. On the death of Hakki in 1873, Schnitzer resigned his appointment and returned to Europe. Retracing his steps homeward, he spent several months of 1875 at Neisse, where he employed himself in severe linguistical study, and natural history and scientific research. Plants, animals, and the various specimens of organic life that he had collected in his travels, were dissected and examined with patient ardour by the young biologist, and his labours in this direction, at this period of his career, did not pass unnoticed by the learned societies of Germany. Wearied, however, by the dulness and monotony of life in an obscure provincial town, the ex-staff surgeon of Hakki Pasha made his way to Egypt. Reaching Cairo in 1876, he offered his services to the Khedive Ismail, who sent him up the Nile to Khartoum with orders to report himself to the Governor-General of the Soudan. Schnitzer, who had now dropped his Frankish name, and adopted the Egyptian cognomen of Emin—the Faithful One—was invested with the subordinate rank of Effendi in the native army on his arrival

at the Soudanese Capital, and appointed to act as surgeon-general to Gordon Pasha, then Governor of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt, the garden of the Soudan, a vast area of fruitful country of almost illimitable extent and of inexhaustive wealth, with a teeming population, magnificent water-ways, and a climate by no means disagreeable to Europeans. The province had been added to the dominions of the Khedivate in 1870-73 by Sir Samuel Baker, who established the seat of government at Gondokoro, and annexed the entire country as far south as the Equatorial Lakes to the Egyptian Soudan.

CHAPTER III.

GORDON AND EMIN.

WHEN Mohammed Ali, in 1820, determined to subdue all the countries lying south of Wady Halfa and add the Soudan to Egypt, his avowed object was to introduce civilisation and trade into the heart of the African continent, and, by these means, to pacify the Negro and Arab tribes of the great fertile belt of country which lies between the Sahara and the Lake Region. It was soon found, however, that slaves paid better than ivory or gold or grain, and slave-hunting was carried on in the Nile Valley by the Egyptians to such an extent that the indignation of Europe was at length aroused by the horrors of these slave raids. The Government at Cairo connived at the atrocities committed by the gangs of armed man-hunters, who destroyed villages and depopulated whole districts, to supply the slave markets of North-East Africa, and made a substantial profit out of what was, in

fact, a royalty. The basin of the White Nile, as far south as the Victoria Nyanza—the queen of African lakes—was the happy hunting-ground of the slavers, and the field of their most profitable operations. The Khedive Ismail, under pressure from England, made an attempt to suppress the abominable traffic, but he was defied by the notorious Zebehr, the arch man-stealer of the Soudan, who defeated an expedition sent up by the Khedive to crush him and put an end to his nefarious practices. With a view to checking the ravages of this Lion of the Desert, who had established an independent court and set up the insignia of royalty in his capital, at Darfur, General Gordon was selected to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as Governor-General to the newly-annexed Equatorial Provinces in 1874.

Before leaving Cairo for the White Nile, the General, with his usual perspicacity, had read the real motive of Ismail in sending him up to Gondokoro, the capital of the new province. Gordon roundly declared his belief that the zeal of the Khedive for the suppression of the slavers of the inner Soudan was "a sham to catch the attention of the English people." But the resolute Englishman, fresh from his brilliant campaign at the head of the "ever-victorious army" in China, was determined to proceed upon his

mission of mercy to the myriad populations of the equatorial regions, and after some "skirmishes" with his superior officer, the Governor-General of the Soudan, at Khartoum, with reference to the adoption of a "forward" policy against the slave-hunters, Gordon sailed up the Nile for his capital, after publicly declaring his fixed determination to establish throughout his provinces a government monopoly of the ivory trade, to prohibit all imports of arms and powder and the levying of armed bands by private persons, and to set up a rigid passport system, which would virtually put the whole territory from the Bahr-el-Arab to the equator under martial law. Gordon could trust none of his subordinates. He suspected, and as it proved rightly, that they were all more or less committed to the slave-trade, and that every official about him shared covertly in the spoils of the man-hunting expeditions. He felt the responsibility and peril of the task he had taken in hand, viz., to crush and root out this abominable and growing evil, but "I will do it," he said, "for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace." Gordon managed, in spite of the anxiety which pressed upon him and the sense of loneliness that at times overpowered him, to get some fun out of his

voyage south to take up his new dignity. One night a peal of laughter from a thicket by the water-side startled him. "I felt put out," he said, "but the irony came only from birds that laughed at me from the trees in a very rude way. They were a species of stork and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything." On his arrival he found the Egyptian occupation of the region limited to the possession of a few military posts. The capital of his province was in a state of siege. The country was "up" on all sides. After the departure of Sir Samuel Baker any government beyond the range of the guns of the forts had ceased to exist. The peaceful native villages had been raided and robbed by the Egyptian officials, cattle had been driven off, and the owners reduced to slavery, and shipped down the river to the markets at Khartoum, Berber, and Assuan, and Gordon found, to his infinite disgust, that the worst offender was the redoubtable Raouf Pasha, the very commander from whom he was to take over the reins of government. Dismissing his predecessor without honour, the General set to work to bring order out of chaos. He strictly enforced his own decree as to armed bands and ivory trading, and

the importation of arms and powder and the production of passports, and he had some of the chief law-breakers sent off in chains to Khartoum, where they were either set at liberty or secretly assisted to escape by the Governor-General of the Soudan.

Gordon, who had been given full powers within the area of his own satrapy, now planned and carried out two successful campaigns: one against the slave-traders south of Kordofan, who were instigated to rebellion by Zebehr, the other in Darfur. The romantic incidents of the operations which followed, and the remarkable personal influence which Gordon exercised, are matters of history. He succeeded in breaking up the slave-traders' organisation and in giving the traffic in human beings a serious blow, and in securing, for the time, the vast riverain population of the Nile Valley and the Negroes of the southern districts from the ravages of the nomad Arab tribes, who swept like a flood into the equatorial Soudan, from the region between the Nile and the Red Sea.

The English Pasha's difficulty was with his own subordinates, a body of Circassian, Turkish, and Albanian adventurers, who had to be provided for by the government of Cairo, and who were appointed to the offices of collectors of

revenue and heads of districts in the remotest provinces, with a view to satisfying their claims upon the Khedive without any further trouble and outlay on the part of the Egyptian authorities, at the expense of the long-suffering and patient black people in the far Soudan. These men intrigued against their white chief and "checkmated" him at every turn. His life was in constant danger, and he lived, as he himself described it, "within a ring-fence of scoundrelism." He found that his chief local officer at Gondokoro had connived, on one occasion, at the passage of a convoy of one thousand six hundred slaves down the river for the "consideration" of three hundred and sixty dollars. The Khedive was writing to him "quite harshly" to put an end at once to the transport of slaves from his province to the Red Sea routes. The Khedive's officials were helping it on. But the courage and ability and integrity of the most remarkable man that Africa has ever seen, told in time upon the mass of corruption and brutal callousness to human suffering, by which he was environed, and before the end of the second year of his administration he had established and garrisoned eight new stations; he had carried peace and security for life and property to the extreme borders of his principality; he had effec-

tually pared the claws of the Lion of the Desert; and he had dealt a crushing blow at the prestige of the most wealthy and powerful slave-dealers by the vigorous enforcement of martial law everywhere within the limits of his government. His rule was impartial and just. The natives first trusted and then reverenced the white Pasha, who had burst their bonds from their necks and bearded the dreaded Zebehr in his den in the desert fastnesses of Darfur. The Egyptian officials did not love the upright, fervent man, but they at least soon learned to fear him, and the heart of Ismail was made glad by the receipt in due course at Cairo, for the first time in the history of the province, of a substantial tribute from Gordon's state, which was paid into the national exchequer, and which had been collected from the contented and prosperous people in the far away Nile Valley without injustice and without violence. Villages were built up again in the open country, fields were tilled, herds of cattle roamed over the fertile plains of the vast territory in perfect security; old roads, long deserted and "killed," were once more traversed by bands of merchants and solitary passengers, conveying their goods and the produce of their gardens and pastures from market to market; the native industries revived and flourished, and

there was every promise of the dawn of a long day of peace and prosperity and contentment for Gordon's "children" in that beautiful Nile basin, which Sir Samuel Baker describes as "the future granary of the world," and as a region which, in a few years, under good government, would supply corn and cotton alone sufficient to make Europe independent of any other quarter of the globe. The General, though only a soldier, was at once impressed with the luxuriance of the vegetation and the boundless wealth of "the pearl of the Soudan." "An almost virgin soil, a tropical sun, the Nile water, and *a population which is most tractable and peaceable*:"—"Here," he said, "were all the elements required to make the equatorial Soudan the richest and most productive region in the entire African Continent."

To save this magnificent country from being scrambled for by the filibusters and pirates of the world, and to prevent its becoming from end to end a vast field for piratical adventure, tribe fighting against tribe, and slave-hunts decimating the population, and throwing back the fairest districts into sterility, and the whole region into chaos—this was the arduous work that the second White Pasha of the Equatorial Provinces set himself to carry out, and this was the splendid task which he eventually accomplished.

The arrival of Emin Effendi at Gondokoro was a matter of intense satisfaction to General Gordon. That masterful but tender man, who combined sweetness with strength, in the administration of his rapidly-growing and improving state, at once found in the quiet, unobtrusive and somewhat reticent German doctor, a man after his own heart.

CHAPTER IV.

EMIN AS A DIPLOMATIST.

THE English soldier and the German surgeon became inseparable companions. The high sense of duty and simplicity of character displayed by the newcomer struck both natives and foreigners alike, and we gather from his journals, written at Khartoum, that Gordon held his *fidus Achates* in high esteem, not only for his scientific accomplishments, but for his innate sagacity and quiet resolution, and for his marvellous "grip" of all the great African questions.

Dr. Emin was employed by the General in a variety of ways, not strictly professional, and on several occasions he was sent upon tours of inspection to the heart of the province, to report upon the condition of the people, reform abuses, review the garrisons, and exercise judicial functions as the representative of the great Pasha himself. Soon after being joined by the doctor,

Gordon decided to establish a line of stations right down to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, to enter into a treaty of amity with the powerful M'tesa, the Emperor of Uganda, and to proceed south to arrange some matters that were in dispute with Kabrega, the sovereign of the Unyoro country. A formidable expedition set out, therefore, in 1876 from Lado, a town on the left bank of the Nile, to which Gordon had transferred the seat of his government on account of the insalubrity of Gondokoro. A visit of ceremony was paid to the court of M'tesa, who was described by Mr. H. M. Stanley, in his story of the discovery of the Congo, as the "Hope of Central Africa." The region of the Great Lakes had to be explored in detail, and garrisons established to protect the people from the raids of the slavers. Early in the spring of 1876, therefore, the little column was threading its way *viâ* Fatiko, through "a dreary country strewn with outcrops of iron ore, and with slag from the native smelting." The region was a lonely, swampy desert of marsh and slime, out of which, "the moment the sun goes down, a cold damp arises that enters one's very bones." But the resolute, well-drilled "blacks" tramped bravely on over the weary miles of malarious bog. The thorns tore the clothing of the two Europeans to rags, and

gigantic elephants cumbered the sinuous and gloomy paths through the almost impenetrable thickets. The wary monarch of Unyoro was already on the alert, and with the first tidings of the approach of the White Pasha he fled from his capital, carrying off, at the same time, the "magic stool," and burning his palace and treasure-houses. Gordon was equal to the occasion. He at once placed Riongo, a nominee of his own, upon the vacant throne, and having left garrisons of his "faithfuls" to support the new monarch in his future struggle with the recreant Kabrega, the expedition went on its way, and after surveying Lake Albert and the adjacent country, returned in triumph down the Nile to Khartoum, where Gordon and Emin were for some time engaged in taking active measures against some slave-dealers who had their head-quarters in that city. In 1877, Dr. Emin was sent down to Unyoro to accept the homage of the penitent Kabrega, who had succeeded in rcovering the supreme power, and who was anxious to make his peace with the White Pasha of the North. Proceeding without escort to Unyoro, Dr. Emin carried out his mission with such success that quite recently, Kabrega, of his own free will, sent up a supply of stores to the doctor, and the friendship between the two men has proved

invaluable to Emin, who has been often able to send letters through the Unyoro country, when all the rest of the continent has been closed against him. It was also out of respect for Emin that Kabrega assisted the famous Russian traveller, Dr. Junker, to escape from Uganda three years ago, and to leave inner central Africa *viâ* Unyoro for Zanzibar.

The mission to Uganda was one of singular difficulty and peril. M'tesa, the then reigning monarch, was a savage at heart, and capable of the most fiendish acts of cruelty when enraged or thwarted in his schemes. An Egyptian officer, acting contrary to Gordon Pasha's instructions, had marched with three hundred men to the capital of Uganda, with the intention of annexing the dominions of M'tesa! The Pasha's men were at once secured by the well-disciplined battalions of the sable emperor, and the chances were that M'tesa would order them, in a paroxysm of rage, to be massacred in cold blood. Emin was sent to appease the furious king and bring back the men, whose lives had been placed in such fearful peril by the folly of their leader. The task was accomplished with complete success, and without firing a shot.

Emin paid a second visit to Uganda, and such was the impression made upon the fiery and

formidable M'tesa by the silent, thoughtful German, that it is said of Emin in Uganda to this day, that he was the only white man for whom the Emperor had ever shown any sign of respect or fear. The negotiations entrusted to Emin were often of a delicate and intricate nature, and the physical force at his command was never sufficient to hold its own for an hour in the face of serious opposition, but Gordon's emissary had caught the spirit of his master. He knew how to deal with the "black man," and on one occasion a diplomatic arrangement with one of these semi-barbarous kinglets, on the borders of the Equatorial Provinces, undoubtedly saved Gordon Pasha and his soldiers from certain annihilation.

The General and the doctor twice visited the Lakes in company, and they also carried out, on one occasion, an important survey of the country east of Foweria, "a dead, mournful land, with a heavy damp dew penetrating everywhere; as if the angel Azrael had spread his wings over the place. No words can picture its silence and solitude. The river was navigable up to the foot of the Murchison Falls, and then began an arduous tramp in the pouring rain, through dense jungle, and terrific ravines coming down laterally from the table-land into the deep canyon in which the river ran." Five days' scrambling

through a tangle of wild vines and other creepers at the rate of eighteen miles a day brought the party, under the command of the General himself, back to Foweria, and the survey was complete. The road was then followed south as far as Speke's Nyamyango, eighty miles farther in the direction of the Victoria Nyanza, and a tract of virgin country, equal in area to Ireland, was annexed to the Equatorial Provinces in the name of the Khedive.

In December, 1876, Gordon left Lado and proceeded to Cairo, and resigned his post as Governor of the Southern Soudan. The results of his labours, however, remained. He had managed, in less than two years, to reorganize and develop the state, to crush out the slave-raiders, to purge the administrative department, and to restore peace and confidence among the various races under his rule where before all had been anarchy and confusion. He had swept away a heavy debt that he found resting upon the province and had re-opened the markets right across Africa, from the Niger to the Nile, so that ivory, grain, rice, and cattle were once more freely offered everywhere for purchase by the native chiefs. He had established a postal system, opened up friendly relations with neighbouring and independent states, and had left behind him

an imperishable name, not only as a military commander of dauntless courage and great strategic skill, but as a philanthropic civil administrator of no mean practical ability.

CHAPTER V.

GOVERNOR OF THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCES.

IN 1878, General Gordon was back at Khartoum, with the title of Governor-General of the Soudan, and with the supreme control over Darfur, the Eastern and Western Soudan, and the Provinces of the Equator, vested in himself by royal firman. He had applied, at Cairo, for leave to select three sub-governors to assist him in the administration of the vast state committed to his charge. His request was granted, and he was, at the same time, desired by the Khedive Ismail to give his chief attention to the suppression of slave-wars, and to do all in his power to open up direct and well-protected trade routes to the most distant confines of his extensive satrapy.

Dr. Emin Effendi had remained on the White Nile, after the departure of Gordon in 1876, as surgeon-general to the Khedival forces, and he was immediately chosen by the Governor-

General to fill the important post of supreme executive officer in the Provinces of the Equator. With the rank of Bey, the new administrator at once took up the reins of government. During the interval between the resignation of his former chief and the appointment of Emin Bey, the affairs of the territory had been under the control of a number of Egyptian officers, with the usual results. The state was once more deeply in debt. The slave-traders had reappeared, and slave-raiding was going forward everywhere unchecked. Villages were depopulated, the markets were deserted, trade roads were "killed," and the various tribes inhabiting the most fertile region in the world were again at strife with each other. Plunder, rapine, and excessive taxation had exasperated the natives, who were in a condition of sullen discontent and incipient rebellion, and the outlook was altogether one that would have tried the faith and damped the courage of any ordinary man. But Emin girded and braced himself for the struggle. He made a rapid tour of his new dominion. He dismissed every official convicted of oppression or dishonesty. He disbanded the Egyptian troops, and enlisted the "blacks" of the province to serve under him. He fell upon the slave-raiders, wherever he

could find them, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt and the force of an avalanche, and dealt out stern punishment to all who were convicted of any breach of the "Gordon Code," which had become the law of the land years before, and had never been annulled by Khedival decree.

With astonishing energy this single-hearted man swept over the broad territory between the Sahara and the Lakes, at the head of his black battalions, and in time reduced order out of chaos once more, by a marvellous display of "one-man" power. When not actually on a journey, he spent his days, from sunrise till sunset, in hearing appeals and complaints, and in the administration of justice. He granted audiences to the meanest of his subjects. All communication with Khartoum was stopped for years by a block on the river, and his people were frequently in a lamentable condition for want of seed-corn and food supplies, till their own crops had matured. But the indefatigable Bey went everywhere, inquiring into everything, and attending to the needs of all, allaying discontent, equalising taxation, clearing the prisons, rebuilding the stations, and securing obedience to the authority of the Khedive.

In 1882, he reported his province as pacified. The deficit of £32,000 which he found when he

became Governor had disappeared, and there was a balance of £1,200 to the credit of the state. The cultivation of indigo, cotton, rice, wheat, and coffee had been encouraged and developed, confidence had been restored, and the "Garden of the Soudan" was once more blooming and fruitful.

Day by day Emin went quietly but steadily on, doing what his hand found to do, patiently and well. His first visit, on leaving his quarters at daybreak, was always to the hospital at Lado, where he listened to the reports of the various cases and examined the patients, as carefully as if no cares of state of any kind pressed upon him. Nothing could induce him to leave or neglect his hospital work. But in the pursuit of his favourite recreation, his natural history experiments, he constantly allowed himself to be interrupted, saying, with a quiet smile, "Business always before pleasure." Schnitzer is a born naturalist. His studies of African flora and fauna have long interested the scientific world, and the valuable results of his zoological and botanical researches have received, from time to time, the warm commendation of such experts as Dr. Gustav Hallant, of Bremen, Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh, Professor F. Ratzel, and Dr. Junker.

In 1878, a well-known traveller met the now famous Pasha—he was then Emin Bey—in a block on the Nile. "I well remember," he says, "going aboard his (Emin's) steamer, and the warm reception he gave us. Dressed in a white uniform and wearing a fez, he presented the appearance of a tall, thin man of military bearing. The lower part of his face was hidden by a well-trimmed, black beard, and a moustache of the same colour partially veiled a determined mouth. His eyes, though to some extent hidden by his spectacles, were black, piercing, and intelligent; his smile was pleasing and gracious; his actions graceful and dignified, and his whole bearing that of a man keenly alive to everything passing around him. Courteous, but reserved, he was distinguished as a thorough gentleman. He addressed us in English, but subsequently finding I spoke German, we conversed in that language. Emin is a remarkable linguist, having a knowledge of most European languages, and of several of those spoken in Asia, and of many African dialects."

The scientific reports which have reached Europe from time to time from the accomplished Governor of the Southern Soudan have been always remarkable for their minuteness and accuracy of detail. They are expressed in

elegant language, and written in a hand of exquisite neatness, and so faithful is the description of places and trees and flowers, and all the manifold phenomena of African tropical life, that, to use the expression of one of the most gifted of the Pasha's correspondents, "one can even hear the buzz and feel the sting of the insects" he writes about.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT LADO.

EMIN BEY truly lived laborious days. At sunrise, on his way to prescribe or operate at the hospital, he reviewed his troops on parade, and at night, when the cares of government were over for the time, and his weary lieutenants sought well-earned repose, you would see him writing, by the light of candles made by himself, those delightful papers on scientific subjects that enrich the pages of so many learned periodicals. Anthropology, botany, geology, and philological questions, all came alike to him, and served to occupy the odd moments of his scanty leisure; and in addition he contrived to find time to teach his people the arts of weaving, training oxen for the yoke, waggon-making, road-building, and the cultivation of wheat and indigo, and various other useful and profitable cereals and plants. Lado, his capital, was in happier times a well-built, well-ordered town, with its divan, offices,

mosques, and government buildings, all constructed with burnt bricks and roofed with corrugated iron, the other houses in the town being of wood and glass. The place stands on the bank of the river opposite to Gondokoro (Ismaili), the city "founded" in 1860 by Sir Samuel and Lady Baker. The streets are wide and straight, and surrounding the station there was a broad promenade, a clear space of a hundred feet kept between the houses of the people and the earthworks and fortifications. Beyond these were large gardens. The capital had three gates, at which sentries were mounted day and night; the gates being open from 6 A.M. till 8 P.M. No gun was allowed to be fired near the walls from sunset to sunrise, unless as a signal of attack. At 5.30 A.M. the bugle sounded the *réveille*, and shortly after, "Light your fires." At 6 A.M. the muster-roll was called, and the gates were opened. The soldiers were then drilled, and the women began to sweep the streets; for Emin took strict precautions with regard to sanitary matters, a point at which the African village system, as a rule, breaks down, and the people were taught in a practical way that "cleanliness is next to godliness." At 8.30 A.M. all, excepting the sentries, turned out to work in the fields, to draw water, to fetch wood, and, the dew by

this time being dried up, the cattle were sent out to graze. Work lasted till 11.30 A.M., when there was an interval of rest till 2.30 P.M.; the people then set to work again till 5 P.M., when all returned inside the walls. At 8.30 P.M., the roll was called, and the gates shut, and at 9 P.M. all fires were extinguished, an officer going the rounds to see that the regulations were carried out. Curfew in Central Africa is a very important precaution, for, should a hut once catch fire, the whole station is doomed to destruction. In the spring of 1878, before Emin's rule began, Lado was burnt to ashes, and all the valuable reserve stores, which Sir Samuel Baker had taken up to the province, were destroyed.

Emin has never for a moment departed, in his attitude towards the natives, from the Gordon tradition. He has a high opinion of the capacity of the "blacks," or native races of the Soudan, over whom he rules, and the chiefs trust him to a man. On taking service in Africa, as we have seen, he sank his Frankish origin, as far as possible, in order to carry out the policy of Gordon and identify himself with the people. In a letter to his sister, in 1876, Emin says: "Here I have already gained a reputation as a doctor. This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and I have so

completely adopted the habits and customs of the people that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish cognomen of 'Emin.'" But the Bey was no renegade or half-hearted Christian, nor one of those Europeans who rave about the advantages of Mohammedanism over Christianity as a civilizing agent in Central Africa. He is in thorough sympathy with Christian effort, and speaks in his letters home with something like scorn of Islamism, which had not, he said, to his certain knowledge, made one convert in twenty years in the whole area of his province. One of the most striking characteristics of the man has been his display of strategic and military skill. The news of the fall of Khartoum, conveyed to him by his braggart foes, with an invitation to lay down his arms and embrace the creed of the Mahdi, was a painful blow to the hopes of the Bey. The death of his friend and chief, beneath the blackened ruins of his own capital, only seemed, however, to act as an incentive to Emin to hold his territory, at all hazards, for the sake of his people, against the savage hordes of the false prophet. "The death of Gordon," he wrote on August 16, 1887, "has been a great blow to civilization in Africa. Certainly he would have done better to have made his way here, where

friends awaited him. Through prisoners we have heard of his arrival in the Soudan, but we never could make out what he was doing, and the news of the fall of Khartoum, and of Gordon's death on the 21st of January, given me by the Mahdi's commander, Keremallah, seems too incredible for acceptance.* Gordon has his rest; he died, as he wished, the death of a soldier. *Now it is our duty* to carry on his work."

* It will be remembered that Ismail abdicated in 1879, and was succeeded by his son Tewfik Pasha. The new Khedive and Gordon did not see "eye to eye" in matters of administration, and the latter, therefore, resigned the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan and returned to England. He afterwards served in China, India, and the Cape, and in 1884 he was deputed by the British Government to return once more to Khartoum to arrange for the evacuation of the entire Soudan by the Egyptians.

CHAPTER VII.

DARK DAYS.

WITH the surrender of the Soudanese capital and the death of its intrepid defender, in the early days of 1885, the triumph of the Mahdist legions in North-East Africa seemed to be complete. The wave of civilization that had begun to flow down towards the equator was ruthlessly driven back, and the power of Egypt was completely destroyed and overthrown below the region of the Second Cataract. The return of the Nile Expedition and the fruitless campaign of General Graham at Suakim closed a chapter in the history of the "Land of the Blacks," which opened only seventy years ago with the conquest of the Soudan country by the fierce but valiant sons of Mohammed Ali, the founder of the reigning Khedival dynasty. The unfortunate garrisons planted here and there in the desert were abandoned to their fate. Some of them, as Kassala and Senaar, held out

bravely against the savage levies of the Mahdi till starvation and want of ammunition made resistance no longer possible. Some of the "faithfuls," with their families, reached Dongola after the fall of Khartoum, but several of Gordon's white lieutenants, *e.g.* Slatin Bey, the erewhile Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, Lupton Bey, Mr. Frank Power, some Greek officials, a party of Austrian missionaries, and nuns and others, were taken prisoners by the Mahdi's generals, and reduced to a condition of degradation, and in some cases even of slavery. Lupton died in chains, of privation and misery, and the condition of the other Europeans in captivity was, and is still, one of unredeemed wretchedness and hopelessness. With the relapse of the Northern Soudan into anarchy, and the abolition of any form of settled government, people seemed to imagine that the entire region had been abandoned and given over to the spoiler. Such, however, was not the case. Though much had been lost, all was not lost. The Pearl of the great Soudan country—the Equatorial State—was still intact. Thrown upon his own resources, Emin Bey, on hearing of the rise of Mohammed Ahmed, and of his pretensions to a divine call to drive out the Egyptians and all white men from the country, at once set to work

to strengthen his position, to arm and drill his troops, and fortify a position at Wadelai, south of Lado, on the left bank of the Nile, and to provision his stronghold in anticipation of any attack that might be made, sooner or later, upon him. In his distant station he heard from time to time of the startling events that were transpiring away to the north. Truculent messages reached him occasionally from the Mahdi, assuring the vigilant Bey that his turn would soon come, and that there was no chance of his escape, with his handful of Egyptian and Negro troops, unless he accepted the authority of the Mahdi, and donned the coat of a Mohammedan dervish or devotee to the faith of Islam. To these communications the reply of Emin was one of proud defiance. Trusting in God and the righteousness of his cause, the resolute German kept careful watch, night and day, across the desert for the first signs of the rise of the banners of the prophet upon the horizon northward. All communication between Wadelai and the outer world was completely broken off. North and south and east and west the tiny fortress, with its solitary banner floating to the winds, was hemmed in by wide stretches of desert waste, and there was no possibility, even if the desert could be crossed in safety, for any messenger to penetrate the cordon

established by the Mahdi, or to pass his videttes with any letter or tidings of the beleaguered Bey. A cloud of darkness and mystery gradually settled over the Equatorial Province and its faithful administrator. Rumours reached Europe, as the months passed away, that Emin was still holding out, but that the tide of war was rolling southward down towards the equator, and that one of the generals of the second Mahdi was ascending the Nile with a powerful flotilla in order to attack Wadelai and crush for ever the power of the dauntless Emin. Still no definite news of the fate of the Bey and his loyal little garrison broke the complete and painful silence which now enveloped the region. The worst was often feared. But for four years, unaided by supplies, and unsupported by a single word of sympathy from the outside world, Emin stood his ground, and never lowered his flag, although hardly pressed at times and almost driven to despair by the sufferings of "his children" from famine and his own want of the ordinary necessaries of life. Surrounded by bitter foes, the single-hearted White Chief infused enthusiasm into the hearts of his followers day after day, and at length the news reached England, by letter from Wadelai from Emin himself, that up to July, 1886, he had bidden defiance to the Mahdi, and held his own

against the slave-raiders and the disaffected negro tribes that troubled his borders. The letter had taken four months and a half to reach England from Wadelai, and it had been got through the heart of Africa to Zanzibar by Kabrega, the King of Unyoro, already mentioned in these pages.

Emin's story was a thrilling recital, and worthy of a friend of Khartoum Gordon. Trouble there had been, and sorrow upon sorrow. Sickness and want and disease had thinned the ranks of his noble troops; gaunt and haggard, and without shoes or uniforms, they had kept watch and ward upon the ramparts of his little fortress; and they had at length been face to face with "the insolent foe." So far, however, they had stood unmoved and undismayed. Their ammunition was woefully lessened, however, and the question was whether they could hold out till relief reached the banks of the White Nile from Europe, or Cairo, or Zanzibar. An outburst of sympathy followed the publication of this letter from the besieged Bey. It was determined that some attempt should be made to relieve him, and to supply his most urgent needs. At the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, in 1887, Sir Francis De Winton, the able successor of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in the adminis-

tration of the Congo Free State, said:—"Public attention has recently been much concerned in the fate of Emin Pasha. [Emin had been raised to the full rank of Pasha by the Khedive Tewfik immediately on hearing of the gallant defence which his representative was still waging for his Government in the south.] Sent to the southernmost limit of the Egyptian conquests on the Nile by the late General Gordon, Emin Pasha, a German by birth, had governed the province committed to his charge with signal success and ability. After the fall of Khartoum, he was cut off from all communication with his Government, and for four years he has, unaided, withstood invasion from without and disruption from within. But he is now in want of supplies and assistance, and last year an urgent appeal from this brave man reached England through the Church Missionary Society. This appeal, as you know, was not passed by unheeded. If you look at the map, you will see that the territory governed by Emin lies between the two great slave-dealing centres of Equatorial Africa—that of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, extending into the Niam-Niam and Monbotto country, and that of the region of which Tanganika, Nyangwe, and Stanley Falls are the centres. Thus the possession of the territory occupied by Emin becomes a very important

factor, as in this wise it not only checks the advance southwards of the Bahr-el-Ghazel traders, but it effectively prevents the junction of these two slave-dealing centres, whose operations were surely and steadily approaching each other. Think for a moment what would have been the result of such a junction! A trade would have been immediately opened to the north, thousands of slaves would have been employed carrying the ivory tusks, and every species of cruelty would have resulted. Khartoum would in time have become a large market, and the unfortunate creatures who survived the horrors of the journey from the south would be again obliged to carry the ivory to the coast, or perhaps across the Syrian desert. Now mark what this means; it means that the Mahdi and his followers are supplied with a valuable commodity with which they can trade, and obtain in exchange the European goods they so much need; it means they can obtain a plentiful supply of native recruits; in short, it means that *a great central Mohammedan power would have been established in Central Africa.* And this is what Emin has striven to prevent, for now neither the Arab trader of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, who is in communication with the Mahdists in the north, or those of the Upper Congo, can obtain powder and other

ammunitions by which alone they can carry on their cruel and nefarious traffic. Without fire-arms they cannot hold their own against the natives, now that the net is slowly but steadily gathering round them. The Germans on the east, the British on the north-west, the Congo Free State on the west, and Emin Pasha, like a wedge, thrust into their midst—it will be the fault of civilised Europe if this country and its population are to be handed back again to the slave-raiders. How faithfully and how successfully and with what ability Emin Pasha has fulfilled the trust committed to him is well known, and has excited the admiration of Europe. In him are to be found the spirit and the gentleness, the charity and *the devotion to duty* which so strongly characterised his late commander, and it was the possession of these qualities which, no doubt, drew them towards each other, and which led General Gordon to advance him to his present command as Governor of the Egyptian Equatorial Province. It seems to me that the work he has performed in the past, and the work he has set himself to accomplish in the future, must play an important part in the history of Central Africa."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

FROM October, 1886, to the early days of 1888, nothing more was heard of Emin. The cloud, which had lifted for a moment in the autumn of the former year, and showed us the heroic Pasha, pressed sorely by his enemies, and in dire need of succour, yet undismayed, in his river stockade in the inner heart of Africa, once more fell over the fateful Nile valley, and for a year the distressing silence was unbroken. The plan for a Relief Expedition, by way of Zanzibar or the Congo, was pushed forward. Funds were freely offered. A Government subsidy was guaranteed by the Council at Cairo, and the Royal Geographical Society generously made a grant of £1000 towards the fitting-out of the Expedition.

The command of the Expedition was placed in the hands of the man most capable of conducting it to a successful issue—Mr. Henry

Morton Stanley—and in January, 1887, the main body of the Relief Party left England for the Congo, the route chosen by the commander of the enterprise for his advance upon the far-away desert station of Wadelai. A few days before he left London for Africa, Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the City, and in speaking of his plans at the banquet at the Mansion House, in reference to the toast of his health, he said, "I am leading an expedition into the centre of the Great Continent for the relief of an Egyptian officer, who is in straitened circumstances and environed by breadths of unknown territory, populated by savage tribes. The borders of these unexplored lands are occupied by people actively opposed to this officer's retreat or to any communication with him. Others are hostile through sheer barbaric ignorance, and passively opposed to the advent of strangers. We are not going to annex anything. We shall not excite the peoples of Africa, or endanger the safety of the missionaries, or arouse the susceptibility of the Germans. If we go by the Congo route, the King of the Belgians has nobly placed the whole naval stock of the Congo Free State at my disposal for the purposes of the Expedition for ninety days. I intend to proceed at once to Zanzibar, recruit a force of

followers, and leave for the Congo immediately, if I find a steamer ready to take us to Banana Point. If not, I shall strike inland for the Albert Nyanza, and I shall not rest till I have got news of Emin, unless I perish in the attempt." These resolute and weighty words plainly showed that Mr. Stanley had a pretty clear idea of the country through which he intended to travel, and of the kind of people he would have to deal with on the road to the Equatorial Province. By the Congo route the whole party were conveyed by water to within 800 miles of Wadelai. The route from the east coast inland would have necessitated a painful and tedious march of 1,200 miles, partly through the openly hostile kingdom of Uganda, in order to reach the shores of the Albert Lake. The undertaking bristled with difficulties at every step; the broad belt of country between the Congo and the Nile had never yet been traversed by the white man. It was a veritable *terra incognita* to the explorer. The course of the Expedition, after leaving the Congo, would lie through the great zone of forest land which occupies the heart of the continent. It was known that the people of this region were the most fierce and relentless cannibals in Africa, and possibly in the world, and that the endless and gigantic forest growth which

stretches from the head-waters of the Zambesi to the Soudan might delay the party for months and even years. The task of leading a caravan into the heart of Africa is, under the most favourable circumstances, a hazardous one, and every precaution that experience, and sound judgment, and prudence could suggest, was taken by Mr. Stanley for the comfort and safety and success of the party. The daring heroism of the leader of the Relief Expedition was universally acknowledged. It was felt that the man who in former days had found Livingstone would in due course find Emin Pasha, and the movements of Mr. Stanley and his party were eagerly followed with the deepest interest by the people of both hemispheres. Mr. Stanley spent the day before leaving England at Sandringham, the country house of the Prince of Wales, where the famous traveller explained to his royal host and hostess and their children his plans for the conduct of the important mission entrusted to him by the Emin Pasha Relief Fund.

Having recruited a large party of baggage porters, and men for his armed escort, at Zanzibar, he arrived at the mouth of the Congo in June, 1887, with a force, all told, of considerably over 900 men. An English traveller, who met the Expedition on its way up the Congo, says,

"I was on my way down country to embark for England. About two days from here (Bangala), I met two armed Assyrians, or Soudanese. Immediately behind them, and mounted on a fine mule, whose new plated trappings glistened in the sun, was Stanley himself. Behind him strode a Soudanese giant, about 6 feet 6 inches high, bearing a large American flag. I saluted the 'Congo King.' He smiled, and, indicating the bare ground, said, 'Take a seat.' We squatted accordingly. He handed me a cigar. We talked for about half an hour. He was very nice and kind. He accepted me as a volunteer (I had previously written to him), and it was at once arranged that I should proceed down to this place, and see to the transport of some of his remaining loads. I have done so, and now have to overtake him in four days. Of the eight whites he has with him, two [Mr. Jamieson, of Dublin, and Mr. Jephson] have contributed to the expenses of the Expedition, for the privilege of accompanying Stanley through 'the heart of Africa.' Others are English army officers who have come out as volunteers. I never in my life was so much struck with any sight as with Stanley's caravan on the march—Egyptians, Soudanese, Somalis, Zanzibaris, and others, 900 strong. It took me two hours to pass them,

and then I met the second in command, Major Barttelot, a young fellow, burnt very dark, with a masher collar fixed on a flannel shirt, top-boots, &c. He was carrying a large bucket that some fellow had abandoned. 'I say, are you ——?' he shouted. 'I am ——,' I said, 'and I now belong to the Expedition.' 'I am very glad to hear it,' he replied; 'Stanley has written to you, and so you are coming along; that's right! Very good business!' He seemed very fit, was full of tremendous spirits, and I admired him immensely. Tippoo Tib, the notorious slave-trader of Stanley Falls, has come round from Zanzibar with Stanley, and in his silken robes, jewelled turban, and kriss, looks a very ideal Oriental potentate. It is thought 'good business,' as Major Barttelot would say, getting him for an ally."

A strongly fortified and entrenched camp was established at Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwimi, a tributary of the Congo, flowing almost east and west, at the highest navigable point, just below the First Rapids. Major Barttelot, the senior officer under Mr. Stanley, was appointed commandant; Mr. J. S. Jamieson, a Dublin gentleman of considerable scientific attainments, was associated with him. Messrs. Bonny, Ward, and Troup were also attached to

the staff of the Major, and he was left with a force of 257 men at the base of operations, and a full supply of reserve stores and ammunition, which was to be sent on later, for the use of the main column.

The Major was to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of the steamer from Stanley Port, with the officers, men, and stores still on their way up the Congo, and on the arrival of Tippoo's promised contingent of carriers from the Falls Station, the Major was to set out with the stores, and march his column on the track of the main body till he came up with Stanley. The blazed trees and forsaken camps and zarebas left by the main column were to guide him as to the line of march, and if Tippoo's men did not arrive by a fixed date, he was to leave part of the heavy baggage behind, and press forward by double and triple marches to join Stanley on the road to Wadelai.

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CHAPTER IX.

STANLEY TO THE RESCUE.

ON June 28, 1887, the advance column, consisting of 389 officers and men, set out from the Aruwimi to push its way on towards the Albert Nyanza. At first the natives opposed the march of the white man's caravan, but their resistance did not cause any loss of life or seriously hinder the progress of the party. After following the sinuous course of the Aruwimi for some time, an inland path was taken, which trended east. For five days the column kept to this road, which led through a country densely populated by hostile tribes, who fired their villages as the expedition approached, and exhausted every art known to the native mind for molesting, impeding, and worrying an enemy. The march was, however, continued without the loss of a man. From the 5th of July, when the river bank was once more followed, till the 18th of October, the friendly waters of the Congo

tributary were never out of sight. On the 1st of August, serious trouble, in the shape of dysentery and fatal sickness, seized the gallant little army, men began to fall out and desert by the way, and when for nine days the road lay across a sterile, savage wilderness, man after man fell out by the roadside, and perished of sheer weariness or famine. The river, as in the years before, when tracing the then unknown windings of the Congo Lualabu, again proved a friend to Stanley. He placed his sick and disabled followers in canoes, and was thus enabled to make steady, if not brilliant, progress. On August the 13th, the pioneers of the force announced that the natives in front of the tiny host were bent on opposing their further progress. In the struggle which ensued Lieutenant Stairs was hit with a poisoned arrow in the region of the heart, and Mr. Jephson, in leading a relief party to the assistance of his chief at a critical moment in the fray, lost his way and led his men inland. All were happily reunited again on the 21st, and on the 25th of August the column arrived at the junction of the Nepoko with the Aruwimi. For the first time Stanley now came face to face with the Arab slavers, led by Ugarrowwa, *alias* Uledi Balyaz, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. "Our misfortunes began,"

says Mr. Stanley, "from this date, for *I had taken the Congo route to avoid the Arabs*, that they might not tamper with my men, and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting." On the 16th of September the expedition suffered terribly, owing to the scarcity of food in the vast district round the Arab station of Ugarrowwa, which had been depopulated and devastated by this man and his well-armed followers. Sixty-six men had been lost by death or desertion, and fifty-six men, including all the Somalis, were left at this place, invalided, or indisposed any longer to face the hardships of the march to the yet distant Nyanza. On the 18th of October the station of Kilonga-longa, a Zanzibari slave of Abed-bin-Salmi—an Arab whose bloody deeds are referred to in "The Founding of the Congo Free State"—was reached, and here fifty-five more men left the column. The servants of this Arab also tampered with the rapidly diminishing host of Stanley, purchasing their rifles, ammunition, and clothing, so that when the party left the station they were beggared, and some of the men were absolutely naked. Still "onward" was the order of the day, and with a brave heart, bursting with suppressed indignation, the gallant leader of this perilous and arduous enter-

prise faced bravely on for the White Nile. The men were now so weak physically that they were unable to carry the boat they had contrived to convey so far on their journey, and the useful little craft, with seventy bales of goods, was left, under the charge of Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, at Kilonga-longa's village. For some weeks the diet of the men had been fungi, wild fruit, and a large, flat, bean-shaped ground nut. The slaves of Abed-bin-Salmi, who did their best to ruin the Expedition, short of open hostilities, had carried devastation and death everywhere, in a vast region which extended to within a few miles of Ibwiri—not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri: the whole region was one horrible wilderness. Beyond Ibwiri, however, the party was out of reach of the destroyers; it was on virgin soil, in a populous region, abounding with rice, and pleasant fruits, grain, and food of every kind. The famine period, which began on the 31st of August, ended on the 12th of November. Out of 389 men only 174 were left, and a halt was ordered for the men to recuperate. Hitherto the poor people had been sceptical of what was told them about the purpose and end of the mission. Their sufferings had been so awful, their calamities so numerous, the forest so appa-

rently endless, that they positively refused to believe that they would by-and-by see the teeming plains and uplands, and flocks and herds, and banana fields by the Nyanza region, and behold the great White Pasha, Emin, about whom all the world was talking. The men turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of their commander and his officers. Driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their valuable rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the cartridges, and were altogether demoralised. Seeing that prayers and mild punishments were no longer of any avail the extreme penalty of death was resorted to, and two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hung in the presence of all. Thirteen days were spent in Ibwiri, where the miserable band of attenuated wanderers revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, &c. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves. Hope returned, and brighter views of life; and Stanley with pride remembers that the effect of this abundance of food upon the 173 men left to him was marvellous. "I set out," he says, "for the Albert Nyanza on November the 24th with a body of followers who were positively sleek and robust men." On the 5th of December the Expedition emerged

upon the plains, and the deadly, gloomy forest was at length behind it. After 160 days of continuous gloom, they saw once more the full, clear light of the broad day shining down upon them and making all things beautiful. "We had never seen," says the great traveller, "grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally leaped and yelled for joy as they raced over the ground with their burdens." They were like new creatures as the fresh, cool breezes of the open plain swept over them and about them. Woe betide the enemy now that should attempt to stay the progress of the party! With such a spirit in them, the men would fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers would not be considered. It had been the eternal forest that had made the abject, slavish creatures so brutally plundered by Arab slavers at Kilonga-longa's town. On December 9th, the force arrived in the country of the mighty chief Mazamboni, "a lord of many villages," where the rich plains and river's bank were studded with large clusters of well-built huts, surrounded by fields of corn and carefully cultivated patches of banana and sweet potato. From a long distance the natives had sighted the caravan, and were prepared to give it a by no means friendly reception. Stanley at once seized upon a hill

and threw up a strong zareba, behind which he placed his men, and awaited the turn of events with considerable anxiety. Was it to be peace or war? If peace, then well; but if war, how would it end? The inequality of the combatants, should Mazamboni put his legions into the field and decide to fight the strangers, was simply ludicrous. Stanley took in the position, as the hero of many an African fight, and the zareba, built of brushwood and deeply entrenched, was hastily strengthened, as the war cry of the enemy arose with terrible volume upon the wind, and was sent pealing from hill to hill and across the intervening valleys on all sides of the beleaguered force. The people gathered by hundreds from every point in response to the summons of their chief. Hours passed away. Both parties were on the alert, but the peace had so far not actually been broken. Mazamboni professed to be subject to Kabrega of Unyoro, the friend of Emin, and Stanley hoped that if the purpose of their mission was made clear to these people they might be allowed to go on their way in peace. A present of brass rods and cloth was made up and sent off to the doughty chief, all hostile demonstrations were suspended, and the night of the 10th was spent in awaiting the reply of Mazamboni as to whether it was to be

"kanwana" or "kurwana"—peace or war—between himself and the white strangers. Early on the morning of the 11th, the shout of the natives, in the valley below the zareba, rose up indistinctly to Stanley as he waited to catch the word which rose and fell upon the breeze. Which was it, "kanwana" or "kurwana"?—the sounds, so terribly different in meaning, were so provokingly alike in articulation. Presently a native came up to the zareba with the news that it was "kurwana"—war! and, that there might be no mistake, two arrows were shot into the little extemporised fort. There was no time to lose. With splendid tactical skill, Stanley at once set about to make the most of his little army. Jephson, with a smart, picked body of thirty rifles, was sent to the east to test the courage of the attack in that quarter. Stairs, who had recovered from his wound, went with forty men to attack the valley, where the enemy were already mustering in hundreds. The plan of the affair was altogether aggressive. The expedition, instead of awaiting attack on its own ground, sallied forth and fell upon the astonished enemy, and before nightfall the way to the Nyanza was open. On the morning of the 12th the march was continued, and during the day the party were engaged in four fights for

the right of way. On the 13th the path was due east; and in the face of hourly attacks from all quarters the advance was pushed forward, till, at fifteen minutes past one on that eventful day, after many weary months of wandering and suffering, and bloodshed and weariness, by flood and forest and field, Stanley turned proudly and excitedly to his little host, and cried, "Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza!"

CHAPTER X.

STANLEY AND EMIN MEET.

THE men murmured and doubted, as they trudged on, beneath the blaze of the tropical sun, with unwilling feet and drooping spirits. "Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?" At 1.30 p.m. the Albert Nyanza was below them, spread out, as far as the eye could trace it, like a shield of burnished gold. Now it was the turn of the leader of the little company to laugh at the doubters, and ask them what they saw. The poor fellows were wild with astonishment and joy. They threw themselves, in true Oriental fashion, at Stanley's feet, and strove to kiss his hands, as they humbly begged him to pardon them for their waywardness and incredulity. The gallant pioneer now had his reward. The expedition had reached an altitude of 5,000 feet

above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over 2,900 feet below the delighted travellers, who stood in 1 deg. 20 min. N. lat.; the south end of the lake lying largely mapped out about six miles south of this position. After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, the rugged, stony descent to the shore was commenced. But the long-looked-for end was not to be gained without a sharp struggle. The natives poured down upon the party from all quarters, but the courage of the strangers was equal to the occasion, and, with a desperate effort, the Nyanza plain was reached, and a camp formed at the foot of the plateau wall. The expedition next morning approached the village of Kakengo, at the south-west corner of the lake. The people were not actively hostile, but refused to have anything to do with them. Emin had not been able to get down to the point at which Stanley expected to meet him, and as the latter was without boats or any means of traversing the Lake northward to Wadelai, the only feasible plan seemed to Stanley to be to return to Ibwiri, build a fort, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, and raise corn for the marching column; return to the Albert Nyanza, and send the boat in search of Emin, who had possibly had no news whatever of the movements of the force

sent for his relief. This plan was determined upon after a long council of war, and the next day the return was begun, Ibwiri being reached on January 7th, 1888.

Meanwhile affairs in the Equatorial Province had taken a turn for the better. During the time occupied by the Relief Expedition in reaching Central Africa from the mouth of the Congo, Emin had not only managed to re-establish his authority in his territory, but he had been able to take the field successfully against his foes on several occasions. He had received a peremptory summons from Khartoum to disband his forces and to surrender himself to the officers sent against him by the Mahdist leaders. The messengers bringing the summons had also presented a letter to the Pasha, purporting to have been written by Lupton Bey, then a prisoner at Khartoum, declaring that he supported the proposal of the rebels, and saying that Emin's surrender was the only means of saving the lives of the Europeans then in chains at Khartoum. It was also announced that a strong force was marching on Wadelai, and that the massacre and extermination of Emin's troops was inevitable. Emin at once declared Lupton's letter to be a forgery, and when the Pasha had positive information of the approach of the enemy, he was preparing to

advance to the attack, without waiting for the hostile force to reach Lado. The energy of Emin's tactics disconcerted the Mahdists, and in the end he was left to reorganize his territory without further serious molestation. The receipt of the following letters from Wadelai considerably allayed the anxiety in the public mind as to the position of the Pasha during the past two years:—

"WADELAI, *August 16th*, 1887.

"DEAR MR. ALLEN,—

"Your most welcome letter of 19th November, 1886, reached here at the end of June, 1887, and I should have answered it at once had I not been detained by a month's work on the western shores of Lake Albert. A new station which I pushed towards the south needed inspection, and a little caravan with goods from Uganda had to be brought home. Forgive, therefore, the delay, and accept my thanks for your considerate and cordial words.

"Convey, also, please, my and my people's heartiest thanks to the Anti-Slavery Society. Their ready sympathies with our position, their unselfish advocacy of help to be sent, their generous exertion in our behalf, have greatly rejoiced and obliged us, and our warmest thanks will never equal our obligations. As to myself, if ever I wanted an encouragement to pursue my work, the acknowledgment of what, by God's permission, I was allowed to do until

now will spur me to go on and to do my duty cheerfully.

"I am sorry to disappoint your kind wish that your letter may find me safely arrived at Zanzibar, and I may as well tell you that I have been greatly amused by the doubts expressed in some papers if I would stay or leave when Mr. Stanley arrives. I think there can be no doubt that I stay, and I wonder how one could suppose the contrary. I need not dwell on the reasons for my decision; would you desert your own work just at the dawn of better times?

"Since my last letter to you I have been able to resume the regular turn of affairs, relaxed somewhat by the events you know. I have inspected our stations, and erected two new ones. I have put order everywhere, and our native chiefs have been consulted. The crops of this year are luckily abundant, the cotton plantations yield very fairly, and altogether things look now more brightly than before. By Mr. Mackay's kind help I have procured a considerable lot of sheeting and prints from Uganda; if not sufficient to cover our wishes, they were enough for giving to everybody some little gift. But as our self-made 'damoor,' or cotton stuff, is more appropriate for wear and tear, we reserve these for holy-days. The value of what they receive I make my men pay from their wages.

"I cannot speak too highly of the untiring exertions and valuable assistance afforded me by Mr. Mackay, the Church Missionary in Uganda. At great personal inconvenience he has not only provided for the despatch of our posts from and to Zanzibar, and done his utmost to facilitate our

transactions in Uganda, but he has actually deprived himself of many valuable things to assist myself and give me comfort. He has done splendid work in Uganda, but lately his labours have been somewhat interfered with by the Arabs trying to have him turned out of Uganda. His position, therefore, has become dangerous, but I hope he may be able to hold his own. In the interest of the Uganda Mission, I am very glad that Mr. Stanley chose the Congo road for his expedition. He will there encounter numberless difficulties, arising mostly out of the soil to go across; yet he will without doubt succeed in vanquishing them; whilst, coming by Uganda, he would never have obtained permission to come here, except by sheer force, besides imperilling the life and work of the missionaries."

The letter then proceeds to express the mind of the Pasha as to the future, in the following touching words:—

"Once provided with the necessaries, I deem it not at all difficult to open a direct road to the sea coast by way of the Lango and Masai countries. A chain of stations in suitable places and distances is more than sufficient for holding the road open, and the country itself is so rich in camels and donkeys, and so eminently fit for breeding them, that means of transport will never want. The only obstacle to conquer is the fierceness of the Lango people. I think, nevertheless, that by cautious and energetic proceedings they may become more manageable. I

should like, respecting this, to hear the opinion of Mr. Thomson, whose book I have not yet been able to procure.

"At all events, you see, I have a good lot of work before me, and if, with God's help, I succeed in carrying out only a part of it, I shall feel more than rewarded for whatever I have had to undergo. Privations do not terrify me—twelve years' stay in Central Africa are a good steel.

"The death of Gordon has been, as you truly say, a great blow to civilisation in Africa. Certainly he would have done better to make his way here, where friends awaited him. Through prisoners, we had heard of his arrival in the Soudan, but we never could make out what he was doing, and the news of the fall of Khartoum, and of Gordon's death there, on the 21st of January, given me by the Mahdi's commander, Keremallah, seemed too incredible for acceptance. Gordon has his rest: he died, as he wished, the death of a soldier—now it is our duty to carry on his work, and upon myself, his last surviving officer in the Soudan, devolves the honour to develop his intentions. Be sure that, by God's will, I shall succeed.

"The King of Uganda is again at war with Kabrega, who would not listen to my warnings, misled as he was by an Arab trader.

"The whole western part of Unyoro has been laid waste. Kabrega had to escape, and is now somewhere near Kisuga, on the road to Mrooli. The Waganda established themselves in Mayangesi, and seem unwilling to quit the district again. All communications are closed. I do, therefore, not know when I may be able to for-

ward this letter, but I trust it will reach you safely some day or another. Do not forget your promise to write to me sometimes,

"And believe me to be,

"Yours very faithfully,

"DR. EMIN PASHA.

"*To the Secretary of the*
BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY."

"WADELAI, *October 25th*, 1887.

"DEAR FRIEND, ... In my last letter I told you how Mahomet Biri arrived with the second caravan of goods. . . . I have been prevented sending him back to Uganda owing to the amount of war which still exists between Uganda and Unyoro. . . . The Arabs will only make use of the situation in obtaining a higher price for the gunpowder they manage to smuggle into Unyoro. Will the introduction of gunpowder from Zanzibar never be stopped? The one who really suffers most from these everlasting quarrels is myself. The route to Uganda is rendered almost impracticable. Sometimes, it is true, Myanga permits the Arabs to send people to me; at other times he forbids them to do so. Kabrega addresses all the people who come as spies, has their goods examined, and confiscates all correspondence which he sees. It is due to this fact that since May 2, 1887, I have never had a single letter from Mr. Mackay, and I do not even know whether he is still in Uganda or not. . . . On the 22nd of September I was able to send letters to Mr. Mackay, and I am in hopes he has received them. In a few days it is my

intention to go myself as far as Kibiro, taking Mahomet Biri with me to that station. Kabrega is sending some of his officials to confer with me. There is little enough to be gained by these conferences. To be sure, when all is said and done, Kabrega does as he likes or as his advisers for the time being suggest. I expect that I shall gain permission to Biri to pass through Unyoro. If I had only sufficient soldiers at my disposal they would enable me to obtain very speedy concessions to my requests and wishes. If Mr. Stanley arrives, as I hope he may do, in November, many of my difficulties will be done away with, not that I intend to undertake another warlike enterprise. That is very far from my desire, but the mere fact that I have received them will, I confidently expect, soon bring to an end all the quarrels among my childish neighbours. . . . If I cannot report that our relations with Unyoro and Uganda are satisfactory, I can say that the chiefs nearer me are more friendly. Chief Befo, of Mount Belinian, near Gondokoro, who played such a great *rôle* in the last Bari and Ormka revolt, has just sent me some broken rifles as a present, and has also requested a conference. He is undoubtedly the most important of the Bari chiefs, and he is also the most cunning, and I greatly wish it was in my power to accede to his request. I should do so, were it possible for me to visit him, but in the meantime I feel it my duty to remain here. . . . My sphere of action has been greatly confined to Lake Albert, but I have made some days' journey to the west towards Alandu, and I intend, as soon as I come back from Kibiro, to pay a short visit to some of the friendly chiefs in that district.

"All goes well personally. I have to thank Mr. Mackay for many little luxuries. By last caravan he sent me some of Wills's best bird's-eye, and you can imagine what an unexpected present this was for one like myself, who for years have been cut off from such articles. With regard to my personal state, I may tell you you need not have any anxiety about me. As soon as I have become aware of the possibility of now and again corresponding with you and with one or two others, I have tried to throw care to the winds, and look with a certain amount of confidence to better times in the future."

In a postscript, dated the Island of Aunguru, October 31, 1887, Dr. Emin Pasha writes:—

"At last I arrived here the day before yesterday. To-morrow I take Mahomet Biri by steamer to Kibiro. From there he goes to Bjuaia, where he will remain with Captain Casati until Kabrega sends him the necessary powers. This will probably occupy three weeks, although I will use every endeavour to expedite matters. Biri has promised that directly on his arrival at Casati's he will send one of his people on with my post to Uganda, so that it is just possible they may return with letters before he leaves Casati's. I calculate with some certainty upon his doing this, because up to the present he has proved himself pretty reliable. If he is delayed in Unyoro I shall probably return from my Alandu visit before he leaves. I have . . . sent on this occasion several boxes full of collections of birds, &c., to the British Museum, addressed to Professor Flower, and I hope he will find not

a few interesting specimens among them. I have not been able to send a quantity of very valuable objects, as the cases and boxes have come to an end. I have been compelled, therefore, to write to the Professor asking him to send me supplies, which I hope he will do, and not object to these requests, which I only make on account of my isolation."

In a second postscript, dated November 2, 1887, from Kibiro, Dr. Emin Pasha writes :—

"Everything has now been arranged, so that Mahomet Biri started to-day. We have had very bad weather. Storms and rain have prevailed, so that the steamer had very hard work. Kibiro lies exposed on all sides to the winds; therefore I cross over the lake to-morrow to M'soa, where I shall establish my camp and send the steamer back to Wadelai. In a few days my journey commences to Walendu. Biri's people take this letter. Excuse its length. Write as often as you can find time, for the only holidays I get are those days on which letters come from you.

"(Signed) DR. EMIN PASHA."

After a few days' rest at Ibwiri, Stairs was sent off with a hundred men to bring up the boat from Kilonga-longa's, with the stores left there, under the charge of Surgeon Parkes and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick left at the village in October, eleven only accompanied their officer to Ibwiri with the boat; the rest had died

or deserted. On April 2nd, the journey back to the Nyanza commenced. The natives, including Mozamboni, were now friendly, and every difficulty seemed to vanish. Food was supplied gratis; cattle, goats, sheep, fowls, and rice were given in such abundance that the people lived royally. A day's march from the Lake, a messenger arrived with "a black packet" for the white man, which he said had been given to him by another white man, "Malezza," to give to "his son," the leader of the strangers. "If your words are true," said Stanley, "I will make you rich." Wonderful stories were told by the messenger of "big ships, as large as islands, filled with men," &c., which left no doubt in the mind of the commander of the relief column that this white man, "Malezza," was Emin Pasha. The note was handed up, covered with a strip of black American oilcloth. It was from Emin, and was to the effect "that as there had been a native rumour to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the Lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kabrega, king of Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him. However, the wife of the Nyamsassie chief had told a native ally of his, named Mogo,

that she had seen Stanley in Inminsuma (Mozamboni's) country. He therefore begged Stanley to remain where he was till he (Emin) could communicate directly with him." The note was signed "(Dr.) Emin," and was dated March 26th, 1888. Mr. Jephson was at once sent off in the skiff, towards the north, and met the Pasha at the Egyptian Port of Mswa, his southernmost post on the Nyanza. The boat's crew were embraced one by one, and were hailed as brothers by the assembled garrison. On the afternoon of April 29th, at 5 P.M., Stanley, who had re-occupied his old camp at the south end of the Lake, saw the *Khedive* steamer, about seven miles away, steadily making for the bivouac. Soon after seven o'clock, Emin Pasha, with Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson, landed on the beach and met with a magnificent welcome from the Relief Expedition. Stanley had much to tell and much to hear. The two men, thus strangely brought face to face in the heart of the great African continent, had each a marvellous and pathetic story to relate, and they remained together, discussing their plans for the future, till the 25th of May. The work of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition was completed, for, in spite of the most earnest solicitations of the courageous leader of the enterprise, the faithful Pasha reso-

lutely declined to quit the province. The Egyptians with him were, he said, anxious to get back to civilization, but the blacks were ready to remain with him. He feared the relapse, once more, of his province into anarchy and barbarism if he left his post, and he had made up his mind, as we have seen in his letters already given, to cast in his lot with his people.

The Pasha had two battalions of regulars under him—the first, consisting of about 750 rifles, occupied Duffle Honya Laboré, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Redraf; the second battalion, consisting of 640 men, held the stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communications along the Nyanza and Nile, about 180 geographical miles in length. In the interior, west of the Nile, he retained three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions he had quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants. "Altogether," he said, "if I consent to go away from here, we shall have about *eight thousand* people with us."

"Were I in your place," said Stanley to the Pasha, "I would not hesitate one moment, or be a second in doubt what to do."

"What you say is quite true, but we have such a large number of women and children—

probably ten thousand people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a number of carriers."

"Carriers! carriers!—for what?"

"For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel."

"The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on the donkeys. I hear you have about two hundred of them. Your people will not travel very far for the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear for them; they will do better than the men."

"They would require a vast amount of provision for the road."

"True; but you have thousands of cattle, I believe. These will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food."

"Well, well; we will defer further talk till to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR BARTTELOT. FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

IT will be remembered that early in 1888 unfavourable news of the Relief Expedition reached the camp at Yambuya, through several deserters from the force, one of whom had returned in bad health to a village situated a few miles from the station. Some Arabs returning from the mountainous region of the Upper Aruwimi had also reported to the camp at Yambuya having met deserters from the pioneer column, among them being two Soudanese, who formed part of the personal escort of Mr. Stanley. According to these men, disaster had overtaken the force, and its leader had been severely wounded by an arrow, and was lying helpless and deserted in a village far away in the interior. Reports of a more circumstantial nature even soon followed, to the effect that Stanley was dead, and the relief party scattered and massacred to a man. A fresh and powerful

expedition was at once organised by Major Barttelot to go forward on the track of the pioneer caravan, and test the truth of these startling rumours, and the Major left the camp at Yambuya on May 10 with the object of rejoining Mr. Stanley. The caravan accompanying Major Barttelot comprised 640 carriers, recruited by Tippoo Tib, and 100 soldiers, the latter forming almost the whole military force left by Mr. Stanley at Yambuya, before his departure for the interior, to guard the camp. Two other officers, with Mr. Jamieson, accompanied Major Barttelot and shared between them the command of the column, the advance guard being under Mr. Jamieson's charge. It was Major Barttelot's intention to follow Stanley's march step by step. At the date of the departure of the caravan for the interior, no news had yet reached Yambuya direct from Mr. Stanley. Major Barttelot's carriers were very heavily laden with supplies, brought partly from Leopoldville, and partly furnished direct by Tippoo Tib, and it was believed that the advance would consequently be very slow. The same messenger who brought the above news announced that Captain Vangele, accompanied by two other white officers and a detachment of 50 soldiers, retook possession of the Stanley Falls Station on June 4, on

behalf of the Congo Free State. They met Tippoo Tib there, and found his authority and that of the Congo Free State were respected. At the time of the return to Aruwimi of the steamer which conveyed Captain Vangele to Stanley Falls at the end of June, the detachment of 40 men left by Major Barttelot to guard the camp at Yambuya had heard no news of Stanley. They had only received advices from Major Barttelot to the effect that the first stages of his march had been satisfactorily accomplished.

In a report to Mr. Mackinnon, dated August 15, 1887, Major Barttelot said: "Since Mr. Stanley's departure, Mr. Jamieson and myself have been employed in fully carrying out his instructions. The trench has been dug, the platforms put up, the bank of the river cleared, and the clearing to the east side kept clear. I have ascertained the position of all villages within a four-mile radius on the southern, eastern, and western sides. Our relations with the natives are most friendly. They trade with the men in a small way, and the chiefs come in constantly to see us. Lately they have come to claim our protection against some marauding Arabs, who may or may not be Tippoo Tib's people. I have tried to ascertain, but cannot obtain any information. The steamer *Stanley* arrived yesterday,

August 14, with Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Berry, three donkeys, and 479 loads. Our present strength is—Soudanese, 44; Somalis, 2; Zanzibaris, 200; total 246. The sentry duty is entirely furnished by the Soudanese, the Zanzibaris only finding pickets. Up to the time of writing this, Tippoo Tib's men have not arrived, though these marauding Arabs before mentioned may be them. Should it turn out to be so, or should they eventually come, I shall march at once in Mr. Stanley's track. If, however, they do not, I shall be compelled to stay here till November, when Mr. Stanley expects to return, or till such time afterwards as he may return. Since Mr. Stanley's departure our casualties have been: Soudanese, 1; Somalis, 2; Zanzibaris, 4; total, 7. Attached is a sketch of the camp by Mr. Jamieson, which will show you everything for the safety of the camp as regards the fortifications. Attached also is a copy of the camp orders for your information, which will show you that all has been done to preserve discipline, alertness, and cleanliness."

The Major had been directed to keep open the lines of communication between Stanley and the Congo and Europe, to send on supplies at once, in case of need, to the main force, and to be ready to receive Stanley again should he return by that

route. Unfortunately, however, there was one part of his duties which he was never in a position to perform—the sending on of letters from Stanley to England—for the simple reason that no communication reached him from the day almost that Stanley left the river to plunge into the unexplored region, where his further movements were soon shrouded in mystery and silence. Breaking up his camp, therefore, the Major resolved to do all that could be done to succour his leader, if he was yet alive, and he took to the river route to find Stanley. This news afforded a certain amount of relief to the anxious friends of the great explorer, but the hopes raised by the energetic action of the Major were shattered by the intelligence, some weeks after, that Barttelot had been murdered by his carriers, and had fallen a victim to his own zeal and devotion, and added another name to the already long list of notable men who have given up their lives, almost with joy, as a sacrifice on the altar of humanity.

On July 28, at noon, while the officers at Stanley Falls were lunching, Tippoo Tib arrived in a very excited and agitated state. He had just heard of the assassination of Major Barttelot by his Manyuema carriers, some hours' journey beyond Nurenia on the Aruwimi.

In August, Mr. Jamieson arrived in a small boat at the Falls, having gone to confer with Tippoo Tib, and to make known the details of the disaster. The following is the account given of how Major Barttelot came by his death:—

The Manyuema natives have a habit of beating drums and singing late in the evening and early in the morning, and there was no means of preventing them from continuing this practice. Major Barttelot, who had made several days' journey with his caravan of four hundred men into the interior, objected very strongly to this noise, and even used threats in the hope of stopping it. Nevertheless, on July 19, at four in the morning, the drumming began, whereupon Major Barttelot became very angry, and went out of the hut, which he occupied in common with Mr. Bonny. In spite of the advice of the latter, Major Barttelot said he would stop the drumming, and went to the hut of the man who was beating the drum. He had scarcely reached it when suddenly a shot was heard. Mr. Bonny ran out, and saw all the people in camp rushing about, and crying, "M'Zonngou Kufna!" ("The white man is dead"). Mr. Bonny made a search in all directions, and found the body of Major Barttelot lying in front of the drummer's hut, the breast pierced by a bullet. The clothes showed

marks of burning with gunpowder. The following day Mr. Jamieson, who was with the advanced guard, was informed of what had happened, and he arrived back in the camp and restored a little order. All the men forming the caravan had, however, dispersed, and all the loads of beads and stuffs had been stolen.

Mr. Jamieson, who afterwards died of fever at Bangalas, returned to the Aruwimi camp with the *débris* of the caravan, and then came on to Stanley Falls to make arrangements with Tippoo Tib. He left Mr. Bonny with such of the men as had been caught and all the provisions which had been saved at the Aruwimi camp.

The official report goes on to say that there is no doubt of Tippoo Tib's good faith. Major Barttelot on several occasions when he came to Stanley Falls Station, was warned by the officers there, as well as by Tippoo Tib, to treat the men of the caravan with leniency and not to resort to flogging. In continuation, the report says that the deceased officer was a man of great spirit, endowed with indomitable courage and energy. His health was excellent. By means of forced marches he had accomplished the first stages of his advance into the interior with extraordinary rapidity.

Mr. Jamieson declared to the officers at the

Falls Station that Major Barttelot, at the time of his death, believed Stanley to be dead owing to the absence of news, none having been received since the rumours brought by deserters.

Tippoo Tib was described as overwhelmed by the death of Major Barttelot, and declared to the officers at the Falls that he would have given half his fortune to prevent the catastrophe.

Mr. Stanley had addressed the following letters, *en route*, to his unfortunate second in command, but they were never destined to reach the Major's hands, as we have seen. A pathetic interest now attaches to these remarkable communications, which afford a striking illustration of the shrewd "grip" of Stanley's mind, and of his marvellous attention to details and jealous care for the welfare of all under his command, whether whites or blacks.

The pests of Central Africa, the Arab slave-hunters, were the cause of the non-delivery of these letters, and it was solely due to the slavers on the Aruwimi that the reserve force, after passing months of anxiety, amounting at times to despair, at the Yambuya fort, set out, without a word of direction as to road, transport, and attitude of natives, upon that brave enterprise of rescue which ended in the murder of the Major some hours beyond Nurenia.

"CAMP ON S. BANK, ARUWIMI RIVER
(OPPOSITE ARAB SETTLEMENT),
"*September 18th*, 1887.

"MY DEAR MAJOR,—You will, I am certain, be as glad to get news—definite and clear—of our movements as I am to feel that I have at last an opportunity of presenting them to you. As they will be of immense comfort to you and your assistants and followers, I shall confine myself to giving you the needful details. We have travelled three hundred and forty English miles, to make only one hundred and ninety-two geographical miles of our easterly course. This has been performed in eighty-three days, which gives us a rate of four and one-tenth miles per day. We have yet to make one hundred and thirty geographical miles, or a winding course, perhaps, of two hundred and thirty miles, which, at the same rate of march as hitherto, we may make in fifty-five days. We started from Yambuya three hundred and eighty-nine souls, whites and blacks. We have now three hundred and thirty-three, of whom fifty-six are so sick that we are obliged to leave them behind us at this Arab camp of Ugarrowwa. We are fifty-six men short of the number with which we left Yambuya. Of these, thirty men have died—four from poisoned arrows, six left in the bush or speared by the natives—twenty-six have deserted *en route*, thinking that they would be able to follow a caravan of Manyuema, which we met following the river downwards. But this caravan, instead of going on, returned to this place, and our deserters, misled by this, will probably follow our track downwards until they meet you, or are exterminated

by the natives. Be not deluded by any statements they may make. Were I to send men to you, I, of course, would send you a note; but in no instance a verbal message, or any message at all by the scum of the camp. Should you meet them, you will have to secure them thoroughly.

"The first day we left you we made a good march, which terminated in a fight, the foolish natives firing their own village as they fled. Since that day we have had, probably, thirty fights. The first view of us the natives had inspired them to show fight. As far as Panga Falls we did not lose a man or meet with any serious obstacles to navigation. Panga is a big cataract, with a decided fall. We cut a road round it on the south bank, and dragged our canoes and went on again.

"We had intended to follow a native path, which would take us toward our destination, with the usual windings of the road. For ten days we searched for a road, and then took an elephant track, which led us into an interminable forest, totally uninhabited. Fearing to lose ourselves altogether, we cut a road to the river, and have followed the river ever since. From the point where we struck the river to Mugwye's country—four days' journey below Panga—we fared very well. Food was abundant; we made long marches, and no halts whatever. Beyond Mugwye's up to Engweddeh was a wilderness, eleven days' march, villages being inland, and mostly foodless. From this date our strength declined rapidly. People were lost in the bush as they searched for food, or were slain by the natives. Ulcers, dysentery, and grievous sickness, ending in fatal debility, attacked the people.

Hence our enormous loss since leaving Panga—thirty dead and twenty-six deserters. Besides which, we are obliged to leave fifty-six behind, so used up that, without a long rest, they would also die. Of the Somalis, one is dead (Achmet); the other five are at this camp until our return from the Lake. Of the Soudanese, one is dead; we leave three behind to-day. All the whites are in perfect condition to-day—thinnish, but with plenty of go.

"Among our fights we have had over fifty wounded, but they all recovered except four. Stairs was severely wounded with an arrow, which penetrated an inch and a half within a little below the heart, in the left breast. He is all right now.

"We have had one man shot dead by some person unknown in the camp; another was shot in the foot, resulting in amputation. This latter case, now in a fair state of health, we leave behind to-day. The number of hours we have marched ought to have taken us back to you by this time, but we had to daily hew our path through forest and jungle to keep along the river, because the river banks were populated. The forest inland contains no settlements that we know or have heard of. By means of canoes, we were able to help the caravan, carry the sick and several loads. The boat helped us immensely. Were I to do the work over again, I should collect canoes as large as possible, man them with sufficient paddlers, and load up with goods and sick. On the river between Yambuya and Mugwye's country the canoes are numeous, and tolerably large. The misfortune is that the Zanzibaris are exceedingly poor boat-

men. In my force there are only about fifty who can paddle or pull an oar; but even these have saved our caravan immense labour, and many lives which otherwise would have been sacrificed.

"Our plan has been to paddle from one rapid to another. On reaching strong water, or shoals, we have unloaded canoes and poled or dragged them up with long rattan or other creepers through the rapids, then loaded up again and pursued our way until we met another obstacle. The want of sufficient and proper food regularly pulls people down very fast, and they have not that strength to carry the loads which has distinguished them while with one in other parts of Africa. Therefore, any means to lighten the labour of the caravan is commendable.

"If Tippoo Tib's people have not yet joined you, I do not expect you will be very far from Yambuya. You can make two journeys by river for one that you can do on land. Slow as we have been coming up, and cutting our way through, I shall come down river like lightning. The river will be a friend indeed, for the current alone will take us 20 miles a day, and I will pick up as many canoes as possible to help us on our second journey up river. Follow the river closely, and do not lose sight of our track. When the caravan which takes this passes you, look out for your men, or they will run in a body, taking valuable goods with them.

"Give my best salaams and kind remembrances from us all to your fellows. Bid them cheer up: so many miles a day will take you here in so many days. It depends on your own

going, and your power, how many or how few you will be.

"I need not say that I wish you the best of health and luck and good fortune, because you are a part of myself; therefore, good-bye.

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY.

"Major Barttelot."

Written in pencil on the first corner of the above is the following:—

"Dear Major,—I send this on to you—the former attempt was a failure.—W. E. STAIRS."

"FORT BODO, IBWIRI DISTRICT,

"*February 14th*, 1888.

"MY DEAR MAJOR,—After much deliberation with my officers upon the expediency of the act, I have resolved to send twenty couriers to you with this letter, which I know will be welcome to you and your comrades, as the briefest note, or even word, from you would be to us.

"Fort Bodo is 120 English miles from Kavalli, on the Albert Nyanza, or 77 hours of caravan marching (west), and is almost on the same latitude. It is 527 English miles almost direct east from Yambuya, or 352 hours of caravan marching. You can easily find out where it is by tracing on your map a straight line from Yambuya to Kavalli, and dividing that line into five equal parts: four-fifths would be the distance

from Yambuya, and one-fifth from our post on the Nyanza. I send a little tracing of our route, sufficiently exact for your use, and on it I have marked the principal places where food may be had between Yambuya and the Nyanza.

"First, Mugwye's villages on north bank of river, 184 English miles, or 124 hours' caravan marching from Yambuya. The villages are five in number, backed by extensive cultivations of manico, bananas, and Indian corn.

"Second, Aveysheba villages, 59 English miles, or 36 hours' marching. These villages are on south bank, near a lazy creek 35 yards wide. There were five villages here when we passed, and abundance of very large bananas. Ten miles higher up on north bank there is a settlement close to river, untouched by us. It is situate at the foot of a rapid. By sending forty guns across river from Aveysheba you would gain better access to these.

"Third, confluence of the Nepoko with the Aruwimi, villages on south bank, opposite the big cataract of the Nepoko, which tumbles into the Aruwimi in fine view of landing place. Nepoko is almost as large as the Aruwimi, therefore you cannot mistake it. We found abundance at these villages, which are numerous and scattered. They are situate 39 miles above Aveysheba, or 26 hours' caravan marching.

"Fourth is Ugarrowwa's, an Arab settlement on north bank. Hospitality would be given, but food would be dear, and you would have to disburse cloth. It is 93 miles above the last place, or 62 hours' marching.

"Fifth, Fort Bodo is a place built by us in Ibwiri after our return from the Albert Nyanza.

We have abundance of food here. To-day our stock inside the fort consists of four cows and a calf, ten goats (three of these being milk goats), six tons of Indian corn. Outside the fort we have four acres planted in corn and half-an-acre of beans. We have bananas for two miles west of us, and half-a-mile on either side of the fort. Our houses are comfortable, whitewashed within and without; the men mostly sleek and glossy. Stairs, Nelson, Parke, and Williams are with me here. Jephson is out foraging for live stock, and I hope to see him to-morrow. Our force consists of 184 present, 11 at Ipolo, 56 at Ugarrowwa's—total rank and file, 251 souls. By the new road we estimate Fort Bodo to be distant from Ugarrowwa's 162 English miles, or 108 hours' marching for caravan.

"Sixth is the brow of the plateau looking down on the Albert Nyanza, and between it and Fort Bodo we have experienced no want of provisions of all kinds necessary. The object of this letter is not only to encourage and cheer you and your people up with definite and exact information of your whereabouts and the land ahead of you, but to save you from a terrible wilderness whence we all narrowly escaped with our lives. I wrote you from Ugarrowwa's a letter sufficiently detailed to enable you to understand what our experience was between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's; therefore, I begin from Ugarrowwa's and go east to the Nyanza.

"After leaving Ugarrowwa's on the 19th September, we had 285 souls with us, and 56 sick at Ugarrowwa's—total 341. By October 6th we had travelled along south bank of river, amidst a country depopulated and devastated by Arabs,

and our condition was such, from a constant pinching want, that we had 8 deaths and 52 sick—that is, 60 utterly used up in sixteen days. I was forced to leave Captain Nelson, lamed by ulcers, and 52 sick, and 82 loads with him, at a camp near the river, while we would explore ahead, find provisions, and send back relief.

"Until 18th October we marched in the hope of obtaining food, and on this day we entered a settlement of Manyuema, but in the interval we had travelled through uninhabited forest, where we lived on wild fruit and fungi. In these twelve days we had lost 22 by desertion and death, but the condition of the survivors was terrible. We were all emaciated and haggard, but the majority were mere skeletons. On the 29th, Nelson's party was relieved, but out of 52 there were only 5 left. Many had died, many had deserted, about 20 were out foraging, out of which party ultimately only 10 turned up.

"On the 28th October we marched from the Manyuema settlement for this place, Ibwiri. Here we found such an abundance that we halted to recuperate until November 24. On this day the advance column mustered as follows:—

Sick at Ugarrowwa's (Arab settlement)	56
Sick at Manyuema settlement	38
Present in Ibwiri	174
Total	268
On September 19 we numbered	341
On November 24	268
Dead and missing	73

"Beyond this place, I believe no Arab or Manyuema had ever penetrated; consequently we suffer no scarcity, and on November 24 we marched from Ibwiri for the Albert Lake, which we reached December 13, having lost only one by death, the result of wilderness miseries, and we returned to this place from the Albert Lake, January 7, having lost only four, two of whom died from cause of wilderness miseries; one, Klamis Kaururu (chief), inflammation of the lungs; one, Ramaque Vin Kuru, fever and ague, contracted near Lake. Thus, between November 24 and January 7, we had lost but 5; 3 of these deaths were the result of privations undergone in the wilderness.

"We first met the Manyuema on the last day of August, and parted from them January 6th. In the interval we have lost 118 through death and desertion. In their camps it was as bad as in the wilderness, for they ground us down by extortion so extreme that we were naked in a short time. They tempted the Zanzibaris to sell their rifles and ammunition, ramrods, officers' blankets, &c., and then gave food so sparingly that these crimes were of no avail. Finally, besides starving them, tempting them to ruin the Expedition, they speared them, scourged them, and tied them up, until in one case death ended his miseries. Never were such abject slaves of slaves as our people had become under the influence of the Manyuema. Yet, withal, they preferred death by scourging, spearing, starvation, ill-treatment, to the duty of load-bearing and marching on to happier regions. Out of 38 men left at the Manyuema camp, 11 had died, 11 others may turn up, but it is doubt-

ful. However, we have only received 16—16 out of 38! Comment is unnecessary.

"When we left the Manyuema camp, October 28th, we were obliged to leave our boat and 70 loads behind, as it was absolutely impossible to carry them. Parke and Nelson were detailed to look after them. We hoped that we should find some tree out of which we could make a sizeable canoe, or buy or seize one ready-made. Arriving at the Nyanza, we found neither tree nor canoe, therefore were obliged to retrace our steps here quickly, to send men back to the Manyuema settlement for the boat and loads. The boat and 37 loads were brought here by Stairs, and nearly 100 men, the day before yesterday.

"You will understand, then, that Emin Pasha not being found or relieved by us, made it as much necessary that we should devote ourselves to this work, as it was imperative when we set out, June 28, 1887, from Yambuya. And you will also understand how anxious we are all about you. We dread your inexperience and your want of influence with your people. If, with me, people preferred the society of the Manyuema blackguards to me, who am known to them for twenty years, how much more so with you, a stranger to them and their language? Therefore the cords of anxiety are strained to exceeding tension. I am pulled east to Emin Pacha and drawn west to you, your comrades, people, and goods.

"Nearly eight months have elapsed, and perhaps you have not had a word from us, though I wrote a long letter from Ugarrowwa's. We were to have been back by December—it is now

February, and no one can conjecture how far you may have reached. Did the *Stanley* arrive in due time? Did she arrive at all? Did Tippoo Tib join you? Are you alone with your party, or is Tippoo Tib with you? If the latter, why so slow that we have not a word? If alone, we understand that you are very far from us? These are questions daily agitating us.

Therefore we are agreed that while we bear the boat to the Albert Nyanza, to make a final finish with Emin Pasha, we should try to communicate with you. With that view, I have called for volunteers at £10 per head reward to bear this letter to you even as far as Yambuya, if (as it might chance, for all we know to the contrary) you have not started, and to return to me with your news. To us, who have gone over the ground, Yambuya seems about a month's distance only. Stairs escorts the twenty as far as Ugarrowwa's, and brings to me the fifty-six men, who are all recovered (as we hear). Stairs on his return will find me about five days from the Lake, and we will then push on fast to the Lake, when he has joined us.

According to my calculation, we shall be on the Lake April 10th; all about Emin Pasha will be settled by April 25th; on the 13th May we shall be back here; on the 29th we shall be at Ugarrowwa's, if we have not met you. We shall surely, I hope, meet with the return messengers. *Re* these messengers, I should advise your keeping two of them as guides—Ruga-Rugu in front; but they should be free of loads. Send the eighteen and two others back to me as soon as you can, because the sooner we hear from you, the sooner we will join hands; and after settling

the Emin Pasha question, we shall have only one anxiety, which will be to get you safely up here.

"Assuming that Tippoo Tib's people are with you, our guides (two) will bring you quickly on here, and we shall probably meet here or at Ugarrowwa's; and, the *Stanley* steamer arrived within reasonable time, you have arrived at some place about twenty-two or twenty-four of our former journeys from Yambuya, below Mugwye's, as I take it. Hence, before you get near the Arab influence, where your column will surely break up if you are alone, I order you to go to the nearest place (Mugwye's, Aveysheba, or Nepoko confluence) that is to you, and there to build a strong camp and wait us; but, whatever you decide upon, let me know. If you come near Ugarrowwa's you will lose men, rifles, powder, everything of value; your own boys will betray you, because they will sell food so dearly that your people, from stress of hunger, will steal everything.

"At either of the three places above, you will get safety and food until we relieve you. So long as you are stationary there is no fear of desertion—but the daily task, added to constant insufficiency of food, will sap the fidelity of your best men. (These directions are only in case of you being alone, without Arab aid. If Tippoo Tib's people are with you, I presume you are coming along slowly.)

"With everybody's best wishes to you, I send my earnest prayer that you are, despite all unwholesome and evil conjectures, where you ought to be, and that this letter will reach you in time to save you from that forest misery and from

the fangs of the ruthless Manyuema blackguards. To every one of your officers also these good wishes are given, from

"Yours most sincerely,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY.

"To Major Barttelot, Commanding Rear Column, E.P.R.E."

The Major, who was the second son of Sir Walter Barttelot, M.P., was an officer in the 1st Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. He served with distinction in the Afghan campaign, for which he received the medal and clasp, and in the Egyptian campaign, winning a similar decoration. He was born in March, 1859, and had therefore only reached his twenty-ninth year when he unhappily fell a victim to the fears and cowardice of his Manyuema guards.

The leave-taking of the two brave men at Yambuya was, after all, their final parting. The letter in which Mr. Stanley conferred the command of the rear column upon his trusted associate contained a warm tribute to the personal qualities of his subordinate, and his confidence in him was not misplaced. Major Barttelot was "faithful unto death," and no nobler tribute can grace a hero's tomb.

CHAPTER XII.

MID-TROPICAL AFRICA.

THE Victorian era will always be remembered as the Golden Age of African discovery. At the beginning of the century the knowledge of the civilized world as to the physical phenomena and native races of the Dark Continent was less accurate than it was two thousand years ago. But during the past fifty years a blaze of light has been thrown across the vast peninsula from ocean to ocean, and the work of the explorer, as far as inner Africa is concerned, is well-nigh finished. The character of the interior, its products, and its peoples have been for ages the subjects of frequent and earnest disputation amongst the *savants* of ancient and modern Europe. At length the veil of mystery which has enshrouded the mighty continent for well-nigh twenty centuries has been lifted, and many old-time notions as to the hydrology, and population, and productions of what was supposed to be a

vast desert waste have been ruthlessly dispelled by the researches of Schweinfurth, Thomson, De Brazza, Cameron, Speke, Burton, Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, and others. One by one the blanks in the maps of our school days have been filled up, and the broad yellow patch which served for the Central African desert has given place to that wonderful lacustrine system of fresh water seas and mighty rivers, with their thousand affluents, the discovery of which has proved the greatest geographical feat of this or any generation, and the crowning glory of modern scientific exploration. The great African mystery is being cleared up with almost dramatic swiftness and fulness, and we have every reason to believe that when Mr. Stanley once more emerges into the light of day, from the Great Congo basin, he will bring with him the solution of the few remaining problems connected with that region which are at present unsettled, and which have exercised the minds and intellects of thoughtful men from the days of the Ptolemies down to the present era. Mr. Stanley claims already to have added a population of fifty millions to the sum total of the known peoples of the world by his own discoveries in Equatorial Africa alone. He has in years past drawn aside the curtain and made known to us the existence of

" myriads of dusky nations, hidden for long ages altogether out of sight and knowledge, on the fertile plains and uplands of the head-waters of the Zambesi, the Lualabu, and Old Nile," and as the first white traveller to traverse the stretch of unknown forest land between the Congo and the Albert Nyanza, his report to the Royal Geographical Society of his successful enterprise in crossing this virgin land, and so leaving only one considerable blank remaining on the map of the continent, is of surpassing interest.

His letter, read to the Society on April 9th, 1889, describing his adventures and discoveries during his perilous journey through a zone of cannibalism and savagery probably unmatched on the face of the globe, is a most remarkable narrative, and affords a fresh illustration of the qualities of endurance, the resolution and the courage of Stanley, whose name will be inseparably linked with the continent which he has pierced through and through—the Columbus of its ocean-like expanses of plain and thicket and bosky woodland—bestowing by his genius and devotion a new world upon commerce and civilisation. The horrors of the Congo Forest are set forth in such clear and graphic language that we can now see, in a measure, something of the real nature of the struggle against nature which

this heroic man has been waging, out of sight, in the African wilderness for close upon two years. In his letter the great explorer gives an account of the new land lately traversed by his force, and now about to be retraversed by them. Yambuya, their entrenched camp, is in N. lat. 1.17, E. long. 25.8, and the objective point of their expedition was Karalli, N. lat. 1.22, E. long. 30.30, the distance in a direct line being 322 geographical miles. This region was previously unexplored by either white or Arab. The force numbered 389 rank and file. They bore a steel boat 28 feet by 6 feet with them, about three tons of ammunition, and a couple of tons of provisions and sundries. With all these goods and baggage they had a reserve force of about 180 supernumeraries; half of them carried, besides their Winchesters, billhooks to pierce the bush and cut down obstructions.

After describing the impediments to their progress and the close, stagnant, gloomy region of the primeval forest, Mr. Stanley describes the tactics of the natives. Every art known to native minds for annoying strangers was practised by them. The path frequently had shallow pits, filled with sharpened splinters or skewers, deftly covered over with large leaves. For barefooted people this was terrible. Often the

skewers would perforate the feet quite through, and at other times the tops would be buried in the feet, resulting in gangrenous sores. "One of the approaches to every village was a straight road, perhaps a 100 yards long and 12 feet wide, cleared of jungle, but bristling with these skewers carefully and cunningly hidden at every place likely to be trodden by an incautious foot. The real path was crooked, and took a wide detour, the cut road appeared so tempting, so straight, and so short. At the village end was the watchman, to beat his drum and sound the alarm, when every native would take his weapons and proceed to the appointed place to ply his bow at every opportunity. Yet despite a formidable list of hostile measures and attempts no life was lost, though our wounded increased in number."

After a few days of this work the path became an elephant track leading south-east and south-south-west. They again changed their course to the north-east and east, and by the 5th July touched the river again. "The river," continues Mr. Stanley "retained a noble width—from 500 to 900 yards, with an island here and there, sometimes a group of islets, the resorts of oyster-fishermen. Such piles of oyster-shells! On one island I measured a heap 30 paces long, 12 feet wide at the base, and 4 feet high. At almost

every bend of the river, generally in the middle of the bend—because a view of the river approach up and down stream may be had—there is a village of cone huts—of the candle-extinguisher type. Some bends have a large series of these villages populated by some thousands of natives. The villages of the Banalya, Bakubana, and Bungangeta tribes run close to each other along a single long bend. The first has become famous through the tragedy ending in the death of Major Barttelot. An island opposite the site of the Bungangeta villages I occupied to reorganize the Expedition, which had almost become a wreck through the misfortunes of the rear column. The abundance found by us will never be found again, for the Arabs have followed my track by hundreds, and destroyed villages and plantations, and what the Arabs spare the elephant herds complete."

"One of the most serious features in the opposition of the natives was the fact that they were armed with poisoned arrows. At Avisibba, about half-way between Panga Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked our camp in quite a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows they thought gave them every advantage; and, indeed, when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five

men were wounded by these. Lieutenant Stairs's wound was from an arrow the poison of which was dry—it must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or so, he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man received a slight puncture near the wrist; another received a puncture near the shoulder in the muscles of the arm; one was wounded in the gullet—tetanus ended the sufferings of all. We were much exercised as to what this poison might be that was so deadly."

"On returning from the Nyanza to relieve the rear column, under Major Barttelot, we halted at Avisibba, and, rummaging among the huts, found several packets of dried red ants or pismires. It was then we knew that the dried bodies of these, ground into powder, cooked in palm oil, and smeared over the wooden points of the arrows, was the deadly irritant by which we lost so many fine men with such terrible suffering. The large black ant, whose bite causes a great blister, would be still more venomous prepared in the same way; the bloated spiders, an inch in length, which are covered with prickles most painful to the touch, would form another terrible compound, the effects of which make one shudder to think of."

This is Mr. Stanley's description of the

Aruwimi:—"The Aruwimi has many names—the Dudu, Biyerre, Huali, the Nevva, Nowelle, Itiri—for the last 300 miles of its course, but upward to its source it has a singular, wide-spreading fame under the name of Ituri. The aborigines of the Nyanza—the open plateau and forest tribes down to within a few miles of the Nepoko—all unite in calling it the Ituri."

Summing up, the writer says:—"I look upon the country lying between the Albert Nyanza and the lake discovered by me in 1876 as promising curious revelations. Up to this moment I am not certain to which river the last lake belongs, whether to the Nile or to the Congo. I believe to the latter, but what I am sure of is that it has no connection with the Albert Nyanza. The Ruwenzori slopes must supply a large portion of the waters of the Semliki river; the plateau south-west and west must supply the rest. But it is at the water-parting between the Semliki and some other river south or south-west that real interest begins."

Here and there it appears that the young forest growing on the site of some long abandoned clearing was so dense that the pioneers had actually to hew a tunnel through the luxuriant vegetation. Morning and evening were dark and gloomy, and a dun sombre shade was

over all things, and a silence prevailed which was at times painful to bear. But with the bursting forth of the sun's rays from behind the clouds at mid-day the whole forest was once more roused to life. Clouds of beautiful insects swept through the tremulous air, or shot athwart the shafts of golden sunshine which struck down through the tangled boughs overhead. Butterflies, moths, and many-hued birds gleamed and fluttered in the glittering light, and the Congo Forest seemed to be a veritable paradise for the enthusiastic entomologist.

Insects of all forms and sorts were to be seen, from the most beautiful and harmless to the most hideous and deadly. It will be noticed that Mr. Stanley traced the death-dealing poison of the fatal arrow-tips used by the tribes along the Aruwimi to a preparation made from dried red ants. The end of the letter contains a sentence which will eventually prove full of meaning. Mr. Stanley speaks of the great prolific area of riverine territory lying to the south of the Albert Lake, towards the mysterious Muta Nzige—the Nyanza from whose banks he turned reluctantly away in 1876, when just about to launch the *Lady Alice* upon its unknown waters. In this region, which, from its Alpine aspect, Stanley named the Switzerland of Africa, stands Mount

Gordon Bennett, with its towering peaks wrapped in wreaths of perpetual snow, and its rugged flanks scored and ploughed by foaming torrents that rush down headlong through the fissures of the torn and rugged rocks to the Lake at its foot. The sentence—"a shoulder of the western wall prevented us from verifying the connection of the Muta Nzige with the Congo or with the Nile—I am certain it does not connect with the Albert Nyanza—and this must be left till we take our journey homeward"—shows that it is the evident intention of Stanley to clear up the mystery of this region (if possible) before coming home to England. It is interesting to know that this letter to the Royal Geographical Society contains a curious confirmation of a story related by Herodotus as to the existence of dwarfs in Central Africa. "Between the Nepoko and the grass land the dwarfs are exceedingly numerous," says Mr. Stanley. "They are called Wambutti. The Pasha's people with us recognised in them the Tikki-tikki farther north. I suppose we saw about 150 villages of camps of the Wambutti. They are a very venomous, cowardly, and thievish race." In Herodotus, II. 32-33, we find a story told by Etearchus, King of the Ammonians, to some men of Cyrene, and by them to Herodotus, to the effect that certain

adventurous Nasamones, wishing to discover the source of the Nile—the problem of the ages—made a long and painful journey into the interior of the Libyan country beyond the desert. After passing through a region infested by wild beasts, and a tract of sandy sterile waste, they came at last to trees growing in a plain—the forest belt—and while engaged in plucking the fruit growing thereon, they were attacked and captured by "small men, less than the ordinary size," who carried them away through a vast expanse of marshes until they came to a town the inhabitants of which were all of the same diminutive size. By the town flowed a river containing crocodiles, which river Etearchus conjectured to be the Nile—a belief to which Herodotus also inclines. The story has, no doubt, some little historical value, and it is also interesting as showing that nearly 3,000 years ago the difficulties attending the exploration of the inner heart of the African continent were much the same as they are to-day.

CHAPTER XIII.

EMIN "FAITHFUL" STILL.

AS it was always part of Mr. Stanley's plan to return to Europe eventually *viâ* the east coast and Zanzibar, he now decided to go back to the Aruwimi and bring forward his rear column to the Albert Nyanza, and then, having re-united his forces, to strike due east for the Indian Ocean. The Pasha still demurred to leaving his people. "Would it be right," he asked, "to abandon them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them to certain ruin? Disputes would arise, factions would be formed. I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force. From these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter, until none of them were left, that is, supposing the Egyptian irregulars after all refused to follow me out of the province, or supposing any of them (even a remnant) remained behind."

Leaving Mr. Jephson, some Soudanese, and a party of Zanzibaris in the care of Emin, Stanley set out from the neighbourhood of the Lake for the return journey westward, on the 25th of May, taking with him 111 Zanzibaris, and 101 of Emin's people, to act as porters, in the place of the men who had died or deserted. He was now daily getting more and more anxious for some news of the rear column under Major Barttelot, of which he had heard no tidings whatever since he left the Aruwimi, in June, 1887. The journey to the Congo was comparatively uneventful. The column was in good marching order. The ground was covered, without any casualties of consequence, by rapid marches in 82 days. The journey to the Albert Nyanza had taken from June 28th to December 12th, with a loss of some hundreds of lives.

On the road the couriers sent out months before to find the Major were overtaken, sorely scarred with wounds, and reduced by death, and on the 17th of August Mr. Stanley reached Banalya, a stockaded fort on the Aruwimi, without gleaning any news of the rear column anywhere on the entire route from the Lakes to the Congo. As the head of the Expedition drew up to the fort he saw a white man, who turned out to be Mr. Bonny.

"Well, my dear Bonny," said the Commander somewhat anxiously, "where is the Major?"

"He is dead, sir; shot by the Manyuema about a month ago," replied Mr. Bonny.

"Good God. And Mr. Jamieson?"

"He is gone to Stanley Falls, to try and get some more men from Tippoo Tib." (Mr. Jamieson died of fever some time after this, on his way down the Congo.)

"And Mr. Troup?"

"Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided."

"Hem! Well, where is Ward?"

"Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir."

"Heavens alive! Then you are the only one here."

"Yes, sir."

Disaster had fallen upon the unfortunate rear column. In fact, it was a total wreck. Out of 257 men there were only 71 remaining; out of the 71 only 52, on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows.

On the 5th of September Mr. Stanley was once more on his way to the Albert Nyanza. In the interval strange rumours have reached the outer world through Egypt and the Soudan. In August last the Governor of the Equatorial Province is said to have defeated a strong body of troops sent against him by the present Mahdi,

to have become master of the whole region south of Bahr-el-Ghazel, and to have been accompanied in a vigorous and triumphant campaign by "several white officers." As Mr. Stanley and all his surviving officers and forces have now been back in the Province of the Equator for several months, if all has gone on well, as Stanley anticipated, this report is not unlikely true. When Emin parted with the Expedition, for the time, on the Albert Nyanza, in May, 1888, he was quite well, and full of resolution to pursue the advantages he had already gained. He was known to have "ivory in abundance, cattle by thousands, and sheep and food of all kinds in such abundance that he was able to relieve the Relief Expedition," and "to give numbers of things," said Stanley, "to all our white and black men."

We have, therefore, every reason to hope that the courage, and energy, and resource which have accomplished so much in the past may be relied upon for much more.

The magnificent enterprise which was organized for the succour of the illustrious Pasha, it is true, has been completely successful, but only at the cost of a dreadful sacrifice of life. This was, from the nature of the case, however, well-nigh inevitable. But though the venture

has met with some misfortunes, it has attained the purposes for which it was organized. It has succoured Emin and his faithful garrisons, and the matchless intrepidity and the gallant heroism displayed by its leader and his companions in the most romantic deed of daring of modern times, have earned for all concerned in the undertaking the esteem and gratitude of the entire civilized world.

The story of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition supplies us not only with a stirring tale of adventure, but with an entirely new chapter of African geography. It is interesting to notice that the idea of reaching the Lake Province from the Congo, and of thus linking together the two great arteries through which the life-blood of civilization is destined to flow into the heart of Africa, was first of all conceived by General Gordon, and that the hero we all lament was on the point of undertaking this task when he was sent to Khartoum for the last time. Mr. Stanley has carried out the idea. He has shown how nearly the two great waterways of the continent are related, and how their sources of supply overlap. Others will find easier ways still to the Albert Nyanza from the Congo, probably somewhat to the north of Mr. Stanley's route. But the first comer always has

the hardest task, and the problem, in the main, is solved. Of Emin—the Faithful One—we may, when we remember and recall all we have heard of him, be fully persuaded that he will not leave his Province or his post unless either his toil is hopeless, or (what is not altogether improbable) his task is so far accomplished that he has placed the Pearl of the Soudan, once Egyptian, completely beyond the grasp of the tottering despotism of Khartoum. Africa has of late years furnished some significant triumphs to civilization and science and humanity. These triumphs have been won by the steady, self-sacrificing devotion of such men as Livingstone, Gordon, Cameron, Baker, Thomson, Stanley, and Emin, whose chief aim has been directed, with a remarkable unanimity, disinterestedness, and far-sightedness, to the protection of the native races from their worst enemy—the Arab slave-trader.

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